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SOMETHING NEW. 27

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat;
Inconsulti abeunt. ——— VIRG.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

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DEDICATION.

TO ALL THE WORLD.

22

PRE-

E R R A T A.

Page 63, line 2, prefix *Mill*.

132, line last, read *magni*.

176, line last, prefix *as*.

P R E F A C E

TO THE READER.

YOU'LL mind, probably, what Shaftesbury says, upon this species of writing, more than any thing I could urge on the same subject, therefore I shall give you his sentiments of the matter, here, and reserve my own thoughts about it, to be thrown into some part or other of the following work.

“ Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author,” says he,
“ who for the common benefit of his fel-

“ low-labourers, introduced the ingeni-
 “ ous way of miscellaneous writing ! It
 “ must be owned that since this happy
 “ method has been established, the
 “ harvest of wit has been more plenti-
 “ ful, and the husbandmen more in
 “ number, than heretofore.

“ ’Tis well known to the able prac-
 “ titioners in the writing art, that as
 “ easy as it may be to *conceive* wit,
 “ ’twas the hardest thing imaginable to
 “ be *safely delivered* of it : for nothing
 “ could be more severe or rigid, than
 “ the conditions, formerly prescribed
 “ to authors, when criticism domi-
 “ neered, and regularity and order
 “ were thought essential to a treatise.

“ The

“ The notion of a genuine work, a
 “ just and *legitimate* piece, has certain-
 “ ly been the occasion of great timidity
 “ and backwardness, among the adven-
 “ turers in wit; and the imposition of
 “ such strict laws and rules of compo-
 “ sition has hitherto sat heavy on the
 “ free spirits and forward genius’s of
 “ mankind. ’Twas a yoke, it seems,
 “ which our Forefathers submitted to,
 “ but which we, for our parts, have
 “ liberally thrown off.

“ In fine, the invidious distinctions;
 “ of *bastardy* and *legitimacy*, being at
 “ length removed, the *natural* and
 “ *lawful* issue of the brain come now
 “ with equal advantage into the world;
 “ and wit, mere wit, is well received;

“ without examination of the kind, or
 “ censure of the form.

“ This the miscellaneous manner of
 “ writing, it must be owned, has hap-
 “ pily effected. It has rendered almost
 “ every soil productive ; it has disclosed
 “ those various seeds of wit which lay
 “ suppressed in many a bosom, and has
 “ reared numberless conceits and curi-
 “ ous fancies, which the natural rude-
 “ ness and asperity of their native soil
 “ would have with-held, or at least
 “ not have permitted to rise above the
 “ ground.

“ From every field, from every
 “ hedge or hillock, we now gather as
 “ delicious fruits, and fragrant flowers,

“ as of old from the richest and best
 “ cultivated gardens. Miserable were
 “ those antient planters, who, under-
 “ standing not how to conform them-
 “ selves to the rude taste of unpolished
 “ mankind, made it so difficult a task
 “ to supply the world with intellectual
 “ entertainment, and furnish out the re-
 “ pasts of literature and science.”

In an other place.

“ The celebrated wits of the miscel-
 “ laneous race, and others of the irre-
 “ gular kind of writers, may plead it
 “ as their peculiar advantage, that they
 “ follow the variety of nature; and in
 “ such a climate as ours, their plea,
 “ no doubt, may be very just. We
 “ Islanders, famed for other mutabi-
 “ lities,

“ lities, are particularly noted for the
 “ variableness and inconstancy of our
 “ weather; and if our taste in letters,
 “ be found answerable to this incer-
 “ tainty of our climate, a writer must
 “ surely, on this account, be the more
 “ valuable in his kind, the more he is
 “ able to surprize his reader by sudden
 “ changes and transports, from one ex-
 “ treme to the other.

“ Were it not for the known pre-
 “ valency of this relish, and the ap-
 “ parent deference paid to those ge-
 “ nius’s who are said *to elevate and sur-*
 “ *prize*, the author of these miscellanies
 “ might, in all probability, be afraid
 “ to entertain his readers with this
 “ multifarious, complex, and desultory
 “ kind of reading.”

And

And again.

“ In reality, *profound thinking* is many
 “ times the cause of *shallow thought* ;
 “ and to prevent this contemplative
 “ habit and character, of which we see
 “ so little good effect in the world, we
 “ have reason, perhaps, to be fond of
 “ the *diverting manner*, in writing and
 “ discourse, especially if the subject be
 “ a *solemn kind*. There is more
 “ need, in this case, to interrupt the
 “ long-spun thread of reasoning, and
 “ bring into the mind, by many dif-
 “ ferent glances and broken views,
 “ what cannot so easily be introduced
 “ by one steady bent, or continued
 “ stretch of sight.”

To all which reasoning I shall only
 add, from myself, that if the reader
 would

would have a preface to the following work, he may easily frame one for himself, from the ensuing pages; as I hope that every chapter will be able, not only to explain itself, but to make its own apology, also. If not, they are not worth perusing, and no *Letter of Credit* can possibly serve them. There is no helping those who will not assist themselves. It were pity, indeed, there should.

Among the multiplicity of subjects treated of, in these volumes, it must have been impossible to have avoided the falling sometimes into the tract of some of the authors who have preceded me. Whenever such a circumstance happened to occur, I passed it by; or
if

if I thought it might administer to the improvement or entertainment of my reader, I have quoted the authority, and inserted the passage. Some articles of this kind, may however have escaped my notice ; which I leave to pedantry to animadvert upon.

Though is not this punctilio of mine a ridiculous nicety, after all? You look into books for your improvement, or amusement. These must arise from the writing, not the writer.—You call at an Inn, for your refreshment.—Do you ever trouble yourself whether your Host took the chickens out of his own coop, or borrowed them from a neighbour? Whether the bed was his own, or only lent him by a friend for your accommodation? &c.

The world, the world will never be
wise, till they mind a little more what
Jean Jacques Rousseau and I say to
them.

Readers, Here follows your *Bill of
Fare*, and so farewell.

AUTOMATHES.

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SOMETHING NEW.

CHAPTER I.

TRIVIUS.

I SELDOM take a walk without him—
but then I dare not venture to let
him into the secret of our associa-
tion. At first, when we happened to
perambulate the streets of London to-
gether, I could not help taking notice
of his observations upon every per-

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son

son or circumstance that occurred in our way, with his manner of addressing the several people we met with, whether of his acquaintance or not, either by speaking to, or of, them.

My remarking on this peculiarity of his, once or twice, occasioned his throwing himself into a reserve. I soon discovered that my friend meant only to sport his humour for his own amusement, solely, without any design of displaying his wit or fancy for the entertainment of others. It was merely a sort of soliloquy or thinking aloud, in which he was generally so entirely wrapped up, that he became insensible to the sound of his own voice, and appeared quite dis-

disconcerted, if he seemed to be overheard by others.

The first instance I had of this peculiarity in him, was one day that we were walking together through Drury-lane, and happened to meet a chimney-sweeper, who was laughing heartily at something that another foot-monger was saying to him.—That fellow must be easily pleased, said he to himself.—Why so? replied I; the jest may be a good one, for aught we know.—He answered not, but walked sullenly on.

This afforded a hint for reflection—It is the best method of instruction.—That animal, thought I, is certainly one of the most miserable wretches of

the human species : his foulness, his occupation, his squalid appearance, render him an object of greater commiseration than any slave in the galleys. Surely then a creature in such circumstances may well be said to be *easily pleased* indeed, who can possibly smile—at any thing.

That woman, said he, at another time, seems to be responsible for every vice in human nature, except fornication. I looked at her, as she stood with her arms a-kimbo before a porterhouse door, of which she was hostess. She was remarkably ugly and deformed, and had a most shocking expression in her countenance.

That

That girl will cuckold somebody or another, one of these days, said he of a young woman who was tripping towards us. I cast my eye on her *en passant*. She was very handsome, but had an air of levity and assurance in her look and manner.

But what made this prophecy appear the more remarkable was, that it happened many years ago, and long before one might venture, as from the modern profligacy of the times, I fear they might do, at present, to pronounce the same sentence upon too many of the women one may meet with, even in coaches, every day.

On seeing a parcel of happy boys—just dismissed from a school one evening, who were leaping, capering, and springing before the door,—Light hearts, said he to himself, make light heels.—How they sweat and toil, at the Opera-house, to mimic these!

On our passing by an old house, one day, that had formerly stood in the fields, but had lately been built into the city by a long street, while he was in the country,—You are welcome to town, said he.

I shall mention no more of these particulars, at present, having given you sufficient instances already to let you into the character and turn of thought,
that

that distinguishes my friend: but I purpose, at some future leisure, to publish an entire volume of his *Triviads*, which I fancy will be entertaining enough, as there is hardly any circumstance, or horse, or man, or house, coach, cart, dog, or cat, that ever occurs in his way, but suggests some new, singular or peculiar reflection or remark, to his imagination.

C H A P. II.

C H A R A C T E R.

A PHILOSOPHICAL dissertation on that peculiarity or distinction among mankind, which is denominated *Character*, would certainly be a most entertaining and useful work. An investigation into this great principle of action, would go further towards the advancing a person's fortune or interest in life, than all the boasted *knowledge of the world*, which men of business or political intrigue, think so highly necessary, as indeed it is, for that purpose.

Human nature is so various, that a
general acquaintance with it is by no
means

means sufficient to be the rule or measure of our conduct, without a particular or specific knowledge of the several characteristic or distinguishing features of those persons we may chance to be occasionally connected with.

Pope says,

“ The proper business of mankind is *man* ;”

and my argument here agrees with his sentiment, only restraining the abstract expression to the singular number. Know your *man* is the adage for it.

But this anomaly of character is more remarkable among us, than in any other nation, perhaps, of the earth. We have more liberty of action
and

and opinion, with a greater uncertainty of climate, than other people. A poor French taylor was undone, some time ago, by not having been sufficiently aware of this eccentricity in the English.

He had settled a correspondence here, to adapt and supply suits of cloaths from Paris, to all customers, upon having the person's size, age, and station of life, sent over to him. But, not being apprized that dress, with us, does not always correspond with years, nor appearances with means, that there are old fops and young flovens, plain peers and brocaded attornies, in our drama, he happened to hit nothing but the size of his customers, though
he

he had fitted every other circumstance, and had a whole winter's wardrobe returned upon his hands, at once, which ruined him. *Diantre! Qu'ils n'ont point de Caractere, ces messieurs Anglois*, cries the poor taylor. *Mais qu'ils ont trop de Caractere*, in my sense of the word, was his misfortune.

Self-interest I admit to be a general motive of action; but passions, no matter whether through violence or mistake, frequently counteract this principle; and humour, caprice, vanity, or perverseness, in many individuals, are often found to be paramount to self-interest and passion both.

A musician may be perfectly skilled in the science of harmony, and a complete

plete artist in the various tones and modulations of sound; but there often happen certain peculiarities in the instruments that he may have occasion to take in hand, without a particular knowledge and experience of which, to be obtained by trial and practice only, he may not be able fully to exert the capable powers of his own performance.

The same affections and propensities in mankind have not a like extent in all; and passions, in the management of a true philosopher, may be fitly compared to instruments in the hands of an expert musician. There are long-stopt fiddles, and short-stopt ones; flutes of free tones, and others of reserved

served ones ; and the same fingering, or breathing, that would make melody of the same notes, on the one, might become discord on the other.

The Antients were fatalists. The many unaccountable actions of men, not to be resolved into any of the general passions or principles of human nature, betrayed them into an opinion, that a certain irresistible destiny guided and ruled every event of our lives. Would any man commit suicide, instead of tickling himself ? or marry an ugly woman, when he might have had a handsome one, said they, if fate had not *unwilled* them ? Euripides gives the antient opinion upon this subject, in

two

two lines—" Fate," said he, " is unavoidable; no human prudence can avert its stroke; and all struggling with it but makes it worse."

Fata regunt orbem, certâ stant omnia lege.

MANILIUS, ASTRON.

But, had they attended to that peculiarity of character in mankind, which I am here descanting upon, it might have sufficiently solved these phænomena to them; for our fate does not over-rule our will; but our caprice governs our destiny.

Many modern philosophers have revived this Turkish system of faith. They did not properly note the distinction, between an *efficient*, and a *capable*

pable cause. Every effect certainly has its cause; but every cause does not always produce its effect. All married women have not children. Every power is not under a natural necessity of exerting its capabilities. This leaves the will of man free in its operations.

You may here see the danger of adventuring into the regions of metaphysics. ICARUS was one of these *high-fliers*. We lose our natural reason, in such sublime researches; which may be fitly compared to the wind *Cæcias*, that Aristotle and Pliny tell us had the peculiar property of attracting *the clouds* to, instead of driving them from, it.

But

But the argument which the old predestinarians reasoned from, was really curious. They first believed in judicial astrology, and then indeed most logically concluded, that nativities could not be calculated, nor events foretold, if actions and accidents were not necessarily contingent, or præ-ordained.

Da mihi punctum, & terram movebo, said Archimedes. Grant a sophist but one proposition, and the argument is over with you.

C H A P. III.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE
FACULTY.

THE last chapter was no way deducible from the former. They are connected by no sort of chain. The latter arose from a hint, merely. The first describes an humorist: upon which occasion *character* happened to occur to me; but this surely was no necessary consequence. An essay on ——— does not follow the mentioning of lady ———

I think it proper to explain this matter to you, *entre nous*, because there are a sort of philosophers, who affirm

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all

all our thoughts to be as necessarily consecutive, as the predestinarians before-mentioned do our actions. They say, that they defy all the wit of man to be able to think, out of a certain train of ideas, that mechanically follow each other, though the links of the chain indeed may sometimes be so fine-drawn, that they may possibly escape our notice*.

This dogma I most peremptorily deny. While I am taking thought for the morrow (however forbidden by scripture) what I shall order for my dinner, I can instantly transport my mind to

* See Locke, book II. chap. xiv.—See also Lord Kaim's *Elements of Criticism*, chap. i. and ix.

Grand Cairo, to China, or Mesopotamia. And he must be a very subtle philosopher indeed, who can trace the connexion between any of those places, from whence I expect neither meat, nor drink, and my meals.

In the same manner, believe me, my good friends, are you often imposed upon, in matters of more consequence than this. But how, otherwise, could libraries be filled? or dunces thrive? System! system! has set still narrower bounds to already limited reason; and no one, who had not studied hard for it, could possibly believe how much error there is in science, and what ignorance in learning.

Qui magis sapiunt, magis insapiunt.

A REFLECTION, EN PASSANT.

[The ubiquity of the human mind is analogous to the omnipresence of the Deity : yet there are philosophers who, though conscious of this very faculty in themselves, in an imperfect degree, deny the possibility of the other, to their Creator, in a more perfect one. But men do not care to have him a witness to some of their private actions ; and in this, therefore, as well as in other theological points, argue frequently against their own conviction.]

I forget how long ago it is since Browne published his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Refutation of Vulgar Errors* ; but the numbers which he has left unnoticed,

noticed, with the many that have obtained in the world, since his time, would fill a dozen folios. Some of them I may perhaps be tempted to remark upon, as I pass through this work, though it is not any part of my present scheme, I assure you.

In the mean while, I shall furnish you with a quotation from the preface to *The Temple of Gnidos*, to shew you how cordially the great Montesquieu and I are of accord, upon this subject.

“ If your wise ones,” says he, “ should
 “ challenge me to a more serious
 “ work than this, I can soon satisfy
 “ them; for I have employed myself,
 “ for these thirty years past, on about

B 3

“ a dozen

“ a dozen pages, which contain all that
 “ we know of metaphysics, polity, and
 “ morals, with all that very great au-
 “ thors have forgotten in the multitude
 “ of volumes they have written on those
 “ sciences.”

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

VENIENTI OCCURRITE.

I SHALL now, and throughout, present you with my thoughts, just as they may happen fortuitously to arise in my mind, without order or connexion, appealing to the consciousness of my readers whether this is not the way that ideas occur to him or her, in spite of that despotic philosophy that would attempt to make slaves of mankind, and not suffer even thought itself to be free.

Subjects, perhaps, may sometimes follow in a *train*, for aught I can foresee; and, if so, I shall not affectedly decline being their *train-bearer*.

B 4

But

But all I mean to premise is, that I shall add nothing to the *suite* myself, nor endeavour to string stories, one after another, like *winter-evening tales*, till my audience falls asleep about the fire-side.

They are but dull sportsmen, methinks, who have the patience to attend upon cold hunting. Whenever the scent begins to flag, I am always for starting of fresh game, instead of listening to a yelp here, and a chop there, till the hounds are able to *bit off the fault*. I prefer coursing therefore to it, where the quarry is still in view, during the pursuit.

C H A P. V.

T H E R E B U K E.

BUT our friend Trivius is not merely a sentimental street-walker; for the same turn of reflection, with a notable spirit of moral and chivalry, accompany his character throughout.

A profligate of fortune happening to be in his company once, and boasting of an amour he had lately had with a young woman, displayed the insidious arts with which he had contrived to circumvent her.

The rest of the company seemed to consider him but as one of those
brag-

bragging galants who have so often been deservedly exposed on the stage : but Trivius soon undertook to vindicate his veracity, by saying that nothing, except the most superstitious addiction to truth, could possibly have induced any one to confess so vile and scandalous a story of himself.

Another young fellow affronted a lady once, before him, and he immediately resented her quarrel. His friends interposed, telling him that they thought it rather too late in life for him to enter the lists of knight-errantry. He replied, I was born a man; and no age, but dotage, can ever make me forget my sex, or the protection due to hers.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

A DESCANT UPON NOTHING.

"The mind is its own place." MILTON.

SEVERAL other thoughts, anecdotes, and allusions, have occurred to me here, on the various foregoing subject; all which I have locked up in the bastile of memory, merely to shew that I am the tyrant, not the slave, of my own ideas. And as no new topic presents itself to my reflection, on this occasion, I shall supply this chapter with *an essay on nothing*.

Ex nihilo nihil fit, is the adage of a conjuror, when he is going to play
cups

cups and balls: philosophy joins the conjuror, but theology denies so profane a maxim. Has not this world, and all that's in it, with the sun, moon, and stars, been created out of Nothing? And to our further comfort too, for I am about to prove it one, they can never be annihilated again.

For all that the most heathen philosophy can possibly contend for, is, to have matter dissolved again by the wreck of nature, into its first principles; but Nothing being no principle, can claim no right to such a dissolution. Observe here what a sneaking figure philosophy makes, when-

whenever it presumes to enter the lists against Theology.

A fortiori, then, our souls must be immortal. For if clumsy matter itself cannot be *nothinged*, what first principles in nature can the immaterial spirit of man be ever resolved into? 'Tis but a *Word*; and a word once uttered, can never be unsaid again.

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.

Thus matter and spirit being once *spoken* into existence, must necessarily subsist, *per se*, to all eternity. Quod erat demonstrandum. Nothing can be clearer than this deduction.

The learned Berkeley was so pressed, by the first argument, that he had no
way

way of obviating it, but by *unfiating* matter quite out of the universe; supposing that we could be susceptible of corporal feelings, without substance, and might break our shins, or knock out our brains, against ideas. And the great Hobbes was so perplexed, with the latter position, that he was reduced to admit certain modifications of matter to be capable of intelligence.

Locke too was of the same unintelligible opinion; but whether these gentlemen or I be the best philosophers or divines, I shall modestly submit to the candid disquisition of the reader, and proceed.

C H A P. VII.

A T R A N S P O R T.

WHAT an idea is the immortal soul ! How it propels, and restrains, the passions of mankind ! How it enraps the mind beyond the stars, and leaves this world among its sleeping visions ! The past, the present, and the future can be the objects of its instant thought ! It can at once look backward, before time was, and forward, when it shall be no more !

The brute creation cannot imagine any thing beyond their capacity of execution. The sphere indeed of our activity is confined, but the compass
of

of our thought, our purpose, or our will, unrestrained. Endowed then with faculties superfluous to our present existence, shall they not bear reference to some future state? Has nature done more for us than was requisite, only to perform less than seems to have been promised? Is the Creator but a mechanist, merely? Can Providence appear so attentive to the physical system of the universe, and yet be capable of an Epicurean indifference to the higher consideration of its moral one! Are vice and virtue then, distinctions merely ethic, and religion but the presumption of man!

O no! philosophy and theology both concur in this. Our bodies
perish

perish not, they but dissolve; the
 modes, but not the matter vanish.
 And shall the nobler part of man bear
 shorter date! What blasphemy were
 this! *Procul, O procul, este profani!*
 I will be immortal, even at the hazard
 of an eternal soul! Amen!

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT I AM.

THE reader has certainly a right, by this time, to call on me for some account of myself, and to ask me a question, which 'tis probable might have occurred to him every chapter before; namely, who are you, friend? But to this quæry I shall deign no other answer than the vulgar one generally given to all impertinent inquiries. Guess.

However, I will condescend to comply with your curiosity, so far, as to let you know, *What I am*; which is, *I think*, full as much information as
you

you can have either right or reason to require of my hands.

In the fulfilling of this article of intelligence, it may be supposed to be quite natural for me, *under a mask*, to pronounce myself to be a person of most accomplished sense, knowledge, and virtue—that I am equally a patriot, and a loyalist, and am both ready and willing, according to the professions of our present News-paper correspondents, upon all occasions of danger or difficulty, to sacrifice my life and fortune equally for my king and country, in order to preserve their respective rights and ordinances to each.

But all this mighty boast would really amount to no sort of character, at

all, according to my position, in the Second Chapter; for want of those distinguishing features which differ man from man. For might not all the lords and ladies too of quality, both male and female commoners, the whole hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons, the two juntos of Ministers, both ins and outs, the privy, with the more privy, or cabinet, council, as well as the respectable Societies of Almack's, Boodle's, Arthur's, and the ever memorable *conjunction* of the Coterie, be able to *say* the same of themselves, I pray?

Instead, therefore, of which eulogium, or self-applause, I fancy it will much better entertain my reader to recount

count some of my foibles, peculiarities, or imperfections, in short whatever may serve to distinguish John from James, or somebody from any body.

But this shall be the subject of an other Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

A PECULIAR TASTE.

IN the first place, then, be it remarked, that as often as I have been in love, which is very near as often as I have been in debt, I never in my life happened to conceive a passion for a pretty woman; nor ever shall, I am convinced of it now, while an homely one is to be had, for love or money.

But then, in this curious article be it also observed that I am extremely nice in my choice; for not to flatter ye, ladies, it is not every species of ugliness, that has charms, for me.

Nay,

Nay, so far from it, that I honestly confess to have sometimes met with frightful women who have very nearly disgusted me. I have formed to myself a certain *gusto*, in this particular, and any feature, though ever so unseemly, which happens to exceed my line of deformity, may as well be handsome, for me.

Among the requisites of my admiration, red hair is one indispensable obligation. The *flava coma* of the Classic poets, perhaps, may have inspired me, in my youth, with a particular taste for this colour. Even a certain tenderness in the eyes, not of sensibility, but sensation, which is another of my beauties, too, would be deficient of its

charms, to me, without the ornament of that bright golden tint superadded to the brows and lashes.

If a man must wear fetters, should he not prefer golden ones? What poet can pay his mistress an higher compliment, than to compare her tresses to the rays of the sun. Red hair is the colour of the richest substance, and the most resplendent object of nature. A wreath of glory round the head looks so saintish, that 'tis apt to inspire a passion rather above love, if that be possible, even adoration.

I should be inclined to swear a good lover's oath, that the *golden fleece* was only a tuft of red hair, but for fear
that

that H————, that *tremendous Justice Midas*, who sometimes reverses the fable, by touching gold to dross, should pertly remark, in his next *Mag-pie*, that I had committed a blunder, by *going to the Goat's house for wool*.

A fallowness of complexion, also, not unpitted with the small-pox, must languish o'er the features; and a certain graceful stoop in the shoulders, stiled by the vulgar *a mackerel back*, must contour the shape. For the Line of Beauty, says Hogarth, is *a Curve*.

These primary articles being first stipulated for, and obtained, I have not the least manner of objection to my mistress being a *perfect woman*, in
every

every other point. Let me but form her bust, according to the above description, and the rest of her body may resemble the Venus de Medicis, or *de belles fées*, and welcome.

But 'tis proper here to restrain the transports of a lover, lest too particular a description of the person, might possibly betray the too dear object of a ten years fond, but fruitless passion. A second siege, for another Helen! Homer, I think, reports the *teterrima causa* to have been *red-bair'd*.

C H A P. X.

THE PHYSICIAN.

I WAS ever remarkably fond of reading, and after some years spent in this charming occupation, perceiving that I had contracted a settled habit of study, I began to think, with Dr. Young, that

“ Unless for some peculiar end design’d,

“ Reading’s the specious trifling of the mind.”

I grew mortified and ashamed at having idled away so much precious time and sacred leisure, upon amusement merely. I imagined that if I should direct my application to any one course of the three liberal professions,

sions, I might possibly happen to arrive at some degree of eminence in it, which would intitle me at least to some character, or distinction in life, and enable me—my fondest ambition! to become serviceable to others.

With this view, then, I determined on physic, in preference to either law, or divinity; as it is a more pleasing science and study, than the first, and by displaying the wonderful power, contrivance, and goodness of the Creator, is capable of inspiring a more pure religion, and philosophic devotion, than the whole compass of *systematical* theology.

After

After this reflection and resolve, I immediately addressed myself to an eminent physician of my acquaintance, in order to know where to commence, and how direct, my intended course. He very kindly promised me his assistance, in this pursuit, and lent me a preparatory treatise on the subject, written by the learned Doctor Boerhaave, intitled *The Method of Studying Physic*.

This ingenious author therein prescribes a perfect knowledge, in botany, pharmacy, chymistry, anatomy, surgery, astronomy, mechanics, statics, hydrostatics, hydraulics—in fine the intire *encyclopædia* of natural philosophy and mathematics. History, both sacred and profane; geography, with the several influ-

influences and disorders peculiar to different climates; a critical knowledge in the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, together with the derivatives from the latter, in the oriental tongues, as the Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Rabbinic, Samaritan, Coptic, &c. He refers you also to the best approved authors, in these respective classes of study, and proceeds even to point out the particular editions that are deemed to be the most correct, in these various sciences.

The extent and compass of which literature, comprehend books sufficient to equal, both in number and expence, the Cotton, or Bodleian libraries. About as much as is necessary to make
a parson,

a parson, according to Baron Bielfeld's System, in his *complete erudition*. At least I think I may safely venture to pronounce this moderate computation, upon the occasion, that according to the doctor's prescription, a student must use an intense application, of twelve hours, per diem, for about a dozen years, before he can be *systematically* intitled to write a recipe for a clyster.

And yet we see, at the peril of our lives, young, plump, unstudious, jolly looking fellows sign M. D. every day. Nay, the very author himself, after all this vast apparatus of science, or sciences, subjoins, that the most successful physician he had ever consulted with, was one Mynheer ———, I forget his name,

name, who had never perused any other book in the profession, but the aphorisms of Prosper Alpinus, *de præsagienda vitâ et morte ægrotantium*; which I think the doctor stiles a *Six-penny Pamphlet*.

Upon this hint I returned the copious treatise, above mentioned, to my good friend the doctor, and immediately set about making an inquiry after this same *Prosper Alpinus*—his very christian name having something encouraging in it—Though I concluded, at the same time, my search to be fruitless; the faculty, as I had reason to have supposed, having, as in duty *to themselves*, bound, bought up and
burned

burned the whole superseding impression of that work.

But while I was in pursuit of this same Six-penny oracle, I happened to meet, among a collection of tracts, in my vague reading, with a letter from an eminent practitioner, in the reign of Charles the Second, who writing to a friend, gives the following reason for having quitted the profession of physic ;
 “ that in all his practice, he had never
 “ experienced any one medicine to have
 “ fully answered the end of its prescription, except Sal-ammoniac, for
 “ warts.”

I then laid aside all further thoughts of my intended course, and commenced philosopher, for life.

CHAP. XI.

I N D I A N A.

IT was at Patna, the capital of a province in India, under the dominion of the Great Mogul, that the fairest where all are fair, a maiden resembling one of the blue-eyed daughters of paradise, fled to me for shelter and protection, in her distress and danger.

She had, it seems, as I soon found, a natural right to do so; for though I had never seen, or even heard of her, before, I quickly perceived her to be so closely allied to me, *by the strong links of humanity*, that my heart adopted her as a child, on the instant. The generous

rous affections, in nature's heraldry, are the dearest ties of blood.

I must confess though, that it much surprized me, at first, all philosopher as I am, to think that a native female of that country, bred up with such superstitious notions of eastern monarchy, and whose religion and customs forbid it not, should fly from the delights, the honours, the pomps and sensualities, of a seraglio, and refuse the embraces of *The Emperor of the World, the glory of nations, the light of the sun, the invincible conqueror, the eye of providence, the right hand of omnipotence, &c. &c. &c.*

However, before I expressed my surprize, or ———. But an other thought,

and which has no manner of connection with the fair Indian's story, has, just this moment, interrupted my narrative, and broken off *the chain*. I must, therefore, beg the patience of my reader, 'till Tuesday next, when I promise to reassume this narrative again, in some future Chapter; provided I don't change my mind, between this and then.

C H A P. XII.

MORE OF SELF.

FROM all this skipping *duck and drake* no method of writing, would not one be apt to imagine me a person of flight, whim, and irregularity, in life, manners, and conversation? What *a Policy* I might open now, at Garraways, upon this presumption! But those who know me as a man of the world, would no more suspect me than a cart-horse, for such curvets, frisks, and prances, as these.

I am naturally grave and reserved in my speech and deportment, a man of few words, slow in my motions, indo-

lent of mind, with a clumsy person, and heavy cast of features. I have ever been remarkable for a serious and philosophic turn of thought and reflection, even from my earliest years, and am become a proverb among my acquaintance, for regularity of hours, sobriety at meals, and punctuality in business. In fine, I am generally looked upon, by *the world*—every body has a little *world* of their own—as a man of a solid character, but plain parts, and according to Falstaffe's expression, *to have no more conceit in me, than a mallet.*

In reality I have ever chosen to acquiesce in this description — 'tis the safest department in life—those who will be contented to class with dunces,
are

are sure of having the million on their side. 'Tis emulation only, or the *ill repute* of superior talents, that raises *envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness*, against you. While the frogs lay soaking in their fens, they lived in safety, and they slept in peace; they were not pelted at, 'till they presumed to lift their heads above their native mud.

However, notwithstanding this cast, or complexion of life, character, person, and physiognomy, I can at any time I please, and best when I am dullest, *conjure up spirits from the vasty deep*, and like an other *Prospero*, send them dancing about the world, for my sport, or make them dive into the inmost re-

cesses of nature or metaphysics, on my errands.

But to what cause to impute such an inconsistency of talents and character, I confess my philosophy to be intirely at a loss. A certain grave and learned French author owned that he was often liable, when alone in his library, to take a few bounds and capers about the room, even in the midst of his most abstruse researches. This he attributed to his happening, by some chance or other, to have been suckled on *goat's milk*.

This was not my case, though; for I was nursed by a stupid, sober, orthodox, Irish catholic, who piously believed
in

in the Pope, the Priest, the Devil, and all their works; and all my ancestors, as far back as a Welch genealogy can be traced, though staunch protestants, were systematically dull, plain, good sort of people; some of them city aldermen, and others country vicars, as may appear from the only records they have left behind them, the additions to their names, on the tomb stones in our family vault, at Wrexham, in North Wales.

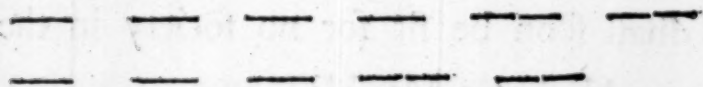
The only physical account, then, that can possibly be given, of this peculiarity or diversity from the natural ground-work of my character and manners, is my having drank once too freely in my youth, of *Tar-water*; which
being

being strongly impregnated with a portion of *volatile* oil, might, perhaps, in the fermentation, have separated the lighter ideas of fancy, from the more solid substance of reason, and held them suspended and floating in my pineal gland, ever since, ready to be called forth, occasionally, unsophisticate with the pituitous phlegm of judgment.

If this hypothesis of the matter does not sufficiently satisfy you, in my case, I leave you intirely at liberty to frame some better solution of the paradox, yourself, and I shall implicitly subscribe to the dogma, as I happen to have no very superstitious attachments to systems, of any kind.

But

But what principally has encumbered my character and appearance with such a sombre cast of complexion, was, that



But I shall proceed no further, on this subject, at present, and take it up at some other time, in order to prove my position, in Chapter III. which I certainly could not possibly be able to do, if thought followed necessarily, in a train. However, I shall only *fly off in a tangent*, a little, for whenever the topic is *soi-même*, the reader must naturally know how hard a thing it is to quit it. I shall, therefore, rather than not talk of myself, at all, venture to expose another foible of mine, which I find growing

growing stronger and stronger in me, every day, and which has already rendered me so unfociable, that I fear I shall soon be fit for no society in the world, but a Monk's.

C H A P. XIII.

G A R R U L I T Y.

“ Methinks, quoth Thomas, women’s tongues

“ Of Aspen leaves are made.”

THOUGH I am notorious on the public highways as a most perfect knight-errant to the fair sex, and have one Dulcinea, in particular, (not the charmer of my IXth Chapter) upon whom I have continued, for above twenty years, to exercise every species of galantry that the most romantic chivalry could inspire, yet have I never yet been able to reconcile myself to the natural loquacity of this beautiful gender.

To

To have a dozen women talking *at you*, at once ! A well-bred man, as all men ought to be, should never enter into company with more than a couple of ladies, at a time ; for having but two ears, it would be morally impossible for him to mark his attention to the third.

I happened to spend a week, once, in the country, at the house of a maiden aunt of mine, who was a remarkable talker. How that woman must prate, who becomes remarkable for it ! And how often have I wished her a *locked jaw* ! For two nights after my return to town, I found that I could not compose myself to sleep, by an hour or two, as soon as usual. Habit is a powerful thing.

thing. A horse used to drink at the dam, will choke with thirst at a standing pool.

In short, I felt myself sensible of an irksome vacuity in my ears, and wanted my usual *prating dose*, before I went to bed. *Curtain Lectures* must be admirable opiates, where the voice does not reach beyond the Tester; which, like a *Sounding-Board*, confines the oration within the auditory.

Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

On the third night happening by chance to throw down my shoe-buckles carelessly on the table, they vibrated so long before they settled to rest, that I began to find it sufficiently answer my purpose,

purpose, by supplying the place of prate, affording me sound, without ideas; and by giving them a fillip or two, *quantum sufficit*, I was fairly brought to bed, of my usual slumber, again.

Prate, says somebody, was indulged by nature to women, by way of exercise, in their sedentary occupations of life; and the foul humours thrown off by this method, in a certain given time, are physically computed to equal the perspiration of a strong man, at hard labour, all the while. I don't like such an hypothesis of the matter. 'Tis making women, like dogs, *to sweat at their tongues end.*

The

The French, who are a nation remarkable for this same regimen of health, seem to have justly expressed the above notion, by their apt phrase for prating, *batre bien du país*, which, literally translated, is *to beat the hoof, a journey*.

No. Some politer philosopher says that a babbling disposition was given to women by Providence, in order to supply ideas to their children, who are sooner taught by the ear, than the eye. And this is the reason that might, I think, be justly given, by etymologists, why the native language of every country, is stiled its *mother tongue*.

Some Latin epigrammatist gives it for a reason why nature has not furnished women with beards, as well as men—"that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

*Quam bene prospiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavit ut imberbis femina quæque foret ;
Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi
Illæsis posset femina nulla genis.*

A preacher once, in a sermon on Easter Sunday, said that our Saviour, on rising from the dead, appeared first to women, *that the miracle might be the sooner published abroad.*

And another impertinent parson, who had taken his text from the Gospel of the Samaritan, said that it was the
longest

longest in the Bible, *because a woman speaks in it.*

But *what signifies talking?* I don't like such idle reflections. A pulpit, at least, was no fit place, for such sarcasms as these.

C H A P. XIV.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

JUST after I had finished the last Chapter, I took up a book to amuse me. It happened to be a volume of the collection of antient poetry, published some years ago, by Mr. Percy, and which is a treasure in its kind.

'Tis extremely pleasant to stray sometimes thro' the wilderness of infant poetry, to contemplate the strength, amidst the coarseness, of Gothic genius, and to remark the prunings and polishings which a more civilized stile and manners have given it since, without adding any thing either to its solidity or vigour.

Among

Among these *metrical romances*, as they are called, I met with one that I took a particular fancy to; and being tired of prose writing, I sat down and attempted to render it somewhat more modern, in the stile, language and expression. I have likewise used some other liberties with the original, by leaving out one improper, and an other impertinent passage, in it; as also by adding some stanzas, and altering the catastrophe, intirely.

For I happened, at the time, to be under the influence of too gloomy a disposition of mind, to suffer the tale to finish happily, as the other does; and were I in my present temper to modernize the *Nut-brown maid*, from an hint

of which this ballad seems to have been taken, famed Emma should certainly not have survived her joy, in the conclusion.

Whether the freedoms I have taken with this little affecting poem, are within the prescription of *poetical license*, or no, I do not trouble myself to consider; as this is the first, and will probably be the last, essay of the sort, I shall ever attempt.

KNIGHT

KNIGHT WALTER.

AN ANTIENT TALE,
Altered and Modernized.

At Walter-dale, near Berwick town,
Close by the winding Tweed,
There liv'd a Knight of high renown,
Who rode a milk-white steed.

His gallant heart on hazards bent,
To chivalry inclin'd,
In quest of perils oft he went,
With an undaunted mind.

One morn, as at his gate he stood,
The bridle in his hand,
Forth stept a maid, by all allow'd
The fairest in the land.

O Knight! she cried, forbear thy speed,
And listen to my tale,
Let graze a while thy milk-white steed,
Nor fear I come to rail.

My apron, see, become too short,
Of width my girdle scant,
But worse, is lost my fair report,
A maiden's chieftest vaunt.

For thee that prize did I forego,
Then leave me not forlorn,
Thy love hath caus'd me all this woe,
O shield me then from scorn!

If that my love hath caus'd thy woe,
Thou shalt not be forlorn,
These pastures fair, both high and low,
Shall portion thy first-born.

Unkind!

Unkind! she said, take back thy gift
 Of pastures high and low,
 For of thy dearer self bereft,
 They ill can soothe my woe.

One kiss from those dear lips, I prize
 More highly than thy dower,
 One tender look from those bright eyes,
 Than all that Heav'n can pour.

I must bestride my milk-white steed,
 And hie me hence away,
 To undertake some hardy deed,
 Through perils night and day.

The perils of thy hardy deed,
 Knight Walter let me share,
 This boon to me were greater meed,
 Than all thy pastures fair.

If

If then thou would'st my foot-page be,
 Thou must e'er yet you go,
 Thy green gown shorten to the knee,
 Thy golden locks forego.

O yes, thy foot-page let me be,
 And I will e'er I go,
 My green gown shorten to the knee,
 My golden locks forego.

Her locks she trimm'd beneath her ears,
 Her green gown to the knee,
 And doff'd her mind of female fears,
 Knight Walter's page to be.

Thus all the day the rude knight rode,
 While she ran by his side,
 Nor e'er to her was once so good,
 To say, thou now may'st ride.

At

At length a river cross'd their way,
Which flow'd up to the brim,
On this side, Ellen, thou must stay,
None pass who cannot swim.

He spurr'd his horse amidst the flood,
And gain'd the farther side,
Sad Ellen on the margin stood,
Nor dar'd attempt the tide.

But love to fear superior far,
At length inspir'd her mind,
The alternative alike to her,
To sink, or stay behind.

Fond Ellen yielding to her will,
Plung'd boldly in the stream,
Courage gave strength, and danger skill,
To reach the far extreme.

Then

Then hyeing to Knight Walter's side,
 In all her drizzly weed,
 Added salt tears to the fresh tide,
 And lean'd against his steed.

Look yonder, quoth the obdurate Knight,
 Amidst that verdant grove,
 In tower sublime dwells my delight,
 My chaste connubial love.

I see the grove, mild Ellen said,
 The tower and gilded gate,
 May blessings crown the happy maid,
 Whom thou shalt chuse thy mate.

Together to the tower they haste,
 Where all was trim and gay,
 In feast and dance the time was pass'd,
 Until the close of day.

Now

Now every guest exempt from care,
 In slumber lay repos'd,
 While hapless Ellen, thro' despair,
 Her eye-lids never clos'd.

The Knight refresh'd, at dawn of day,
 Call'd forth his sleepless page,
 Who answering not, at this delay
 He grew into a rage.

Arouse, he cried, thou drowsy squire,
 Saddle my milk-white steed,
 I must from hence in haste retire,
 In quest of gallant deed.

Up Ellen rose, but sunk full soon,
 Beneath the manger's roof,
 In child-bed throes she made her moan,
 Which reach'd the tower aloof.

Her

Her labour past she 'gan to sing,
 O Lullaby, my dear,
 I would thy father were a king,
 Thy mother on a bier.

The Knight was nigh, o'erheard her plaint,
 And rushing to her aid,
 Enough, he cry'd, thou fore-try'd faint,
 Thy truth be now repaid.

Thy patient sufferings hence are past,
 Thy sorrows done away,
 Thy bridal and thy christening feast
 Shall both be on a day.

Thanks, generous Knight, my griefs are fled,
 Fair Ellen then reply'd.
 Art thou so nobly kind, indeed !
 She smil'd, then sigh'd, and dy'd !

Dangers

Dangers alike to mortal life,
From joy or sorrow flow,
But tell the wretch oppress'd by grief,
Joy sooner kills than woe.

N. B. See the original, in the appendix
to this volume.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

A REFLECTION.

I HAVE deduced a sort of moral from the story, in the last stanza above. This has been ever my way. I seldom read, or think, or write, or speak, upon any subject whatsoever, even the most trifling one, without making some inference or reflection tending towards philosophy, ethics, or religion.

Whenever I sport my fancy, as in these Sheets, 'tis principally with such views, in order to hit the many heedless readers flying, who might be apt to take wing, on the first alarm of serious documents more formally presented.

So

So that, in reality, and *without a joke*, however the confession may discourage too many readers, through the following pages, the motto of all my writings, is this.

*In quibus fuit propositi semper à nugis
Ad bona transire seria.*

I dare not, *for my soul*, do otherwise. Whatever talents, or *exertions*, rather, I may possibly be endowed with, were not *given*, but *lent* me; and this only on certain conditions, necessarily implied in the very grant—to be repaid with *interest*.

“ Nature never lends
“ The smallest scruple of her excellence,
“ But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
“ Herself the glory of a Creditor,
“ Both thanks and use.”

We have no exclusive property, in our natural powers, being but Receivers, and accountable to our Employer, for every faculty we possess. “Where more is given.” With the same œconomy we should reason too, about the goods of fortune. Heaven is not partial.

And indeed the being good is not so very difficult a matter, as certain lazy, or merely indolent people, are generally too apt to imagine, and too hastily to conclude, in consequence of a wrong opinion. Let us but be active to perform all those offices of humanity, or acts of benevolence, that we feel ourselves *naturally* inclined to, and refrain from every ill deed, only 'till we have
fairly

fairly tried how far we may be able to resist the temptation, and the world, on the whole, would be found to be infinitely better, than it is.

But the same supineness that suffers our good inclinations to fall asleep, equally prevents us from rousing ourselves against our evil ones. The first struggle with our passions and appetites is difficult; it continues unpleasant, through many subsequent experiments; but *decies repetita placebit*, believe me, if you have but resolution to continue the strife, so long.

For I deny, and am ready to take my oath against, the vile Arimanian, or Manichean principle, both of moralists

and divines, that there is a *natural* tendency in mankind, to evil. Passions are not vices, though they may be the *fomes peccati* that Mahomet said the Angel Gabriel had cut out of his heart. Our Creator endowed us with the first; and unless the Devil was permitted to have some hand in our composition, the latter could not possibly have been any part of that original nature, which we brought into the world with us.

On the contrary, I affirm that man is created with a genuine disposition to virtue. The irregularity, the excess of passions, *ungovernable* only because *ungoverned*, or a mistaken notion of self-interest, may betray to vice; but I require no further instance to support
my

my position, than this single fact; that the most profligate villain, or the most cruel tyrant, will insensibly be melted into tears, on the recital of an unhappy story, or the representation of an affecting tragedy.

What then would signify this harrowing up the soul, if the seeds of benevolence, compassion, and virtue, were not originally sown in the heart, however since choked up with weeds and briars, for want of due cultivation? Let moral Satirists and Systematical Parsons, then, be henceforth silent, on so hazardous a thesis, as proves virtue to be unnatural, and a good man a moral monster; and spare their poor souls the impiety of a tenet, which must

necessarily imply Heaven to be the author of all sin.

Quod est causa causæ, causa est causatis, is as true in metaphysics, as in physics. If I make a man drunk, I am answerable for all the ill consequences of his phrenzy, both to himself and others. The sending *my chaplain*, afterwards, to exhort him to acts of sobriety, *in such a state*, will not excuse me.

“ For we bid this be done,
 “ When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 “ And not the punishment.”

The notion of innate ideas has been long justly exploded*. Then what

* I resign the doctrine. I defended it long; 'till I discovered that I had mistaken *sentiment*, for *idea*; and 'tis only an *impression*.

can give us principles, either good or bad, but reason, education, precept, or example? Passions are strong, in proportion to the vigour of the body, or our indulgence of them. A weaker propensity complied with, will become more uncontrollable, than a stronger one which we have been used to resist. The philosopher, who struck a tu-

We have no original notion of justice and injustice, virtue or vice; but when these qualities are explained to us, we love the one, and hate the other. This impression must be innate, tho' not the idea. For all that reason can do, is to convince; but it cannot persuade. Some natural pulse of the heart or mind, must be touched within, before our affections can feel an interest.

tor, on receiving an affront from his scholar, in my opinion pointed his resentment right. What a lesson is here, to parents and preceptors. This lays the blame where it really should be.— They have every vice and immorality of their children and pupils, to answer for.

I hold it to be a much safer doctrine to render men accountable for the exercise and preservation of those good qualities and dispositions they are primarily formed with—to convince them that depravity arises not from their first, but second nature—than to suffer human frailty to indulge and palliate its weakness, with so dangerous and blasphemous a notion, as that the seeds of
vice

vices are scattered into our original composition, by the hands of our Creator.

If this were true, the leaven must “grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength,” and might argue us to be no more accountable, for our moral deformity, than for any other physical blemish, we might accidentally have brought into the world with us. In fine, my opinion of mankind, is the same with what Quintus Curtius says of Clitus, “that he had virtues, by nature, and vices but by habit.”

I hope that 'tis no crime to think with Seneca, *ipsaque* IN RECTUM GENITOS *natura, si emendari velimus, juvat*; tho' this may differ a little from the notion

tion of our being *born in sin*. And we should live and die in it too, it seems, but for *foreign* assistance. The proper construction of orthodoxy is, *no Heaven without a parson—no penny, no Pater-Noster*. For priests are apt to magnify your danger, as physicians do your disorder, in order to make a merit, *or a profit*, of your cure.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

A SHORT DEMONSTRATION
OF PROVIDENCE.

SOME offer a straw, a hair, or a drop of water, to your consideration, in proof of this proposition; but these are too simple instances, and require a deeper philosophy than is necessary to the argument. Others dissect an animal, point to the planets, or urge the flux and reflux of the ocean. But these are too complex, and relate to science. I shall therefore only present to your reflection a certain species of herb, called *Valisneria*, as being a proof equally obvious, both to the ignorant, and the wise.

This

This plant grows in several parts of France and Italy, more particularly on, or rather in, the Rhone, as it is an aquatic, and requires to have both its root and stem always in the water ; nothing appearing above it, but its head, which is a large heavy flower.

This river, and others where it grows, are subject to sink low, in dry seasons, and to rise high, frequently, by sudden showers, to the difference of several feet ; in either of which cases, the flower might be destroyed ; for the slightness of the stalk is not sufficient to support its weight. At low water, it would tumble, head foremost, into the stream, to rot and perish ; and if not enabled to stretch its neck, and
keep

keep its head above water, in a flood, it would likewise be drowned and destroyed.

But both these dangers are equally guarded against, by the peculiar construction of the stem, which is formed spiral, like a cork-skew, and enables it to extend, or contract itself to the different depths of the river, so as to preserve this vegetable in a perfect state of safety, in either of these circumstances, during whatever period nature has given to its existence.

There is surely something beyond *fortuition*, here; for let us, for argument sake, suppose, along with the dunces of impiety, that a simple *con-*
course

course of atoms might possibly, in *saeculo saeculorum*, be capable of dancing at last into *the best of all possible worlds*; yet, in this instance, there certainly is *no jig*.

Here nature convinces us of a purpose, a design, by the contrivance of a most singular piece of mechanism, which equally adapts itself to the two opposite states of the plant, either in a drought, or flood, and which may both happen, as they frequently do, within the very same hour.

Præsentemque refert quælibet herba deum.

This is the only vegetable, of the kind, in the known world. The botanists may call it a *weed*, if they please,
but

but I shall ever henceforth deem it the *Tree of knowledge*. Fools cry out for miracles, to aid their Faith in Providence; as if all nature was not one.

But *natural miracles*, if I may use the expression, lose their efficacy, from the constancy, regularity and familiarity of the objects; though let the philosopher but take a peep behind the curtain, and they recover their conviction again: For there we trace a chain of causes and effects, up to their *ne plus ultra*, and finding the highest link to be but *an effect* still, philosophy must necessarily then be obliged to borrow from theology its final cause.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

PROPHANE AUTHORITY.

LISTEN to what Voltaire says, upon this subject, who is as little to be suspected for a priest-ridden superstition, as myself. In fine, hear what reason and philosophy dictate on this topic, independent of religion or revelation.

Of the NECESSITY of believing a
SUPREME BEING*.

The great object, the great interest, in my opinion, is not to argue this

* Questions sur l'Encyclopedie, vol. 4. article *Dieu*. section 4. As this voluminous
work

point metaphysically, but to consider whether it be for the advantage of us helpless, though indigent mortals, to admit of a rewarding, and avenging God, who may serve as a restraint and a consolation, or reject the idea, in abandoning ourselves to our calamities, without hope, and to our crimes, without remorse?

Hobbes says, that if in a nation where they did not acknowledge a Deity, any person should propose the belief of one to them, they would hang him up, directly. He must, by this

work is not, nor indeed should it be, in every body's hands, I shall give a translation of the passage, here.

VOL. I.

G

strange

strange exaggeration, mean any preacher who would rule, any mountebank who would tyrannize, *in the name of the Lord*; but not those virtuous persons, who sensible of the imbecility of mankind, of its perverseness and misery, seek for some certain stay, whereon to fix their morals; and a prop to sustain poor human nature under the languor, the afflictions, and other trials, of life.

From Job down to the present time, what numbers have bewailed their existence! we have, therefore, a constant need of consolation and hope. Your philosophy * deprives you of these re-

* Speaking, as it were, to Hobbes.

sources. The fable of Pandora is infinitely preferable to it. This leaves us hope, at least. Yours gives despair.

Your philosophy, you say, can suggest to you no proof, of an hereafter. Be it so. But it can urge no demonstration, of the contrary. We are sensible of an indivisible principle, existing within us, which is capable of feeling, and thinking, though we are not, indeed, able to account for the *quomodo* of this intelligence. Reason does not oppose itself to such an idea, though alone it is not sufficient to prove it.

Has not this opinion then an infinite advantage, over yours? mine is greatly beneficial to mankind; yours prejudi-

cial to them, in the highest degree. Yours might, notwithstanding your apology, encourage your Nero's, your Alexander's the Sixth, your Cartouches, &c. Mine might suppress them. Marcus Antoninus and Epictetus believed that their *monad*, of whatsoever kind it might be, would rejoin the monad of all intelligence; and were the most virtuous of men.

In the uncertainty we both of us labour under, at present, I shall not say to you, with Paschal, *take the surest side of the question*. There is nothing certain, in uncertainty*. Our business

* The expression in Voltaire is *prenez le plus sûr*, which I have translated in the sense that he seems

here is not to calculate the odds, but to investigate the subject. We are to judge only, and our choice is to have no manner of weight in our sentence.

I do not require you to believe any thing extraordinary, in order to draw you out of your perplexity; I do not say, go to Mecca, and kiss the *black stone*, to be instructed; *hold a cow by the tail*; muffle yourself up in a cowl; be a fool, or a fanatic, to win the favour of the Being of Beings.

seems to have taken it, by his remark on it, in his next sentence; but Paschal must certainly have meant *the safest*, not the *surest*, by *plus sûr*, which construction the words will equally bear. Fenelon had said the same, before him, *What if there should be an hereafter!*

I only say continue to cultivate your virtue, be beneficent, look down upon all superstition with horror, or compassion, but join with me to adore the Providence which is manifest throughout all nature, and consequently to worship the great author of it, the first and final cause of all. And hope with me that our monads, which are capable of reasoning upon the Supreme intelligence, may arrive at happiness, through its means.

There is no contradiction, in such a presumption; you cannot demonstrate the impossibility of it, tho' I confess myself equally incapable of affording you a mathematical proof, that it is so. There is no arguing, in metaphysics,
but

but upon probabilities. We are both of us swimming in the midst of an ocean, whose coast we are alike ignorant of. What madness would it be, then, to cross and jostle, in the deep! Let every one strive to shift for themselves. But those who should cry out, *you swim in vain, there is no shore*, would certainly discourage your endeavours, and abate your strength.

What does our argument tend to? To console ourselves under the unhappiness of our present existence. Who comforts us best. You or I? you yourself acknowledge, in some part of your works, that the belief of a God has often restrained men from the actual commission of a purposed crime. This

confession is enough, for me. If this opinion has prevented but ten assassinations, ten false testimonies, ten unjust decrees, in the world, I hold that the whole world ought to encourage and embrace it.

Religion, you say, has caused numberless persecutions, cruelties and massacres. Say superstition, rather, which is the great despot of our miserable globe. This is the most powerful enemy of that pure and spiritual worship, which should be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us detest this unnatural monster, that has ever been stabbing the breast of its mother, from whence it derives its nourishment. Those who take arms against it, are the benefactors
of

of mankind. 'Tis a serpent that involves religion in its folds, and we should endeavour to crush its head, without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

You are afraid that the worship of a Deity may lead to superstition and fanaticism; but is it not much more to be apprehended that by denying one, we may be led to abandon ourselves to the vilest passions, and most shocking crimes? Between these two extremes, is there not a happy medium to be hit on? But where is the terra firma to be found, between these gulphs and quicksands? Behold it—God, and the Laws.

You

You affirm that there is but one step, between adoration and superstition. But I affirm that there are paces infinite, to sound minds; and such most happily abound, in the present world. They are at the head of nations, they influence the public manners, and year after year, fanaticism, which once shadowed the earth, sees itself stript of its most hellish usurpations.

I shall now speak a word or two to a passage in your work, where you say,
 “ if we presume any intercourse or connection between this incredible Being,
 “ and his creature, we should raise altars
 “ to him, make him offerings, &c. if
 “ we do not consider the matter in this
 “ light,

“light, we must, however, refer ourselves to the priests, who,” &c. &c.

The great hardship, truly, to thank God in the midst of harvest, for the bread he gives us to eat ! But what has put offerings into your head ? The very idea is absurd and ridiculous. But where is the harm of employing a person, whom we may stile either elder, or priest, if we please, to offer up our grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, in the name of the congregation, provided that this same officiator be not a Gregory the Seventh, who trod on the necks of kings, or an Alexander the Sixth, who committed incest with his own natural daughter, and assassinated and poisoned, by the assistance of his
 bastard

bastard son, almost all his neighbouring princes—provided that this same parish priest be not a knave picking the pockets of those who come to his confessional, to enable him to bribe and debauch the girls he is catechising—provided that this same confessor be not a *Tellier*, who threw a whole kingdom into confusion, by villanies that deserved the gibbet—or a Warburton, who violated the laws of society, by betraying the secret papers of a member of Parliament, to ruin him: and who abuses every person who differs from him in opinion. These latter cases, however, are rare. The state of priest-hood is a restraint which obliges to decorum.

A foolish

A foolish parson excites contempt, and a knavish one inspires horror; but a good pastor, mild, pious, free from superstition, charitable, and inclined to toleration, is a man one should both respect and protect. You fear the abuse of the order, and so do I, too. Let us then, join our endeavours to prevent it; but let us not condemn an institution that may be rendered so very useful to society, when it is not perverted by fanaticism, vice, or hypocrisy.

I have one very important thing to say to you, now. I am persuaded that you are in a very great error, but I am also convinced that you are ingenuously deceived, yourself. You would have the world virtuous, even without the
 belief

belief of a Deity. Though you have indeed unfortunately said, “that if vice
 “could render a man happy, he ought
 “to be vicious.” A most shocking position, that your friends should have prevailed on you to have struck out of your works. In every other part, I acknowledge that you speak morally enough.

This philosophic argument will only be debated between you and some other metaphysical adepts scattered through Europe. The rest of the world will, probably, never hear a word of it. The vulgar read us not. If some over-righteous theologist should stir up a persecution against you, on this account, he would, as such persons generally are,
 be

be much in the wrong of it. He would only act a part that would but confirm your profelytes, and render Atheists martyrs.

You are certainly in the wrong, friend Hobbes; but the Greeks did not persecute Epicurus, nor did the Romans erect an inquisition against Lucretius. You are certainly in the wrong; but we should respect your talents and your virtue, though we are combating your dogmas with all our might and main.

The best homage, in my opinion, that we can render the Deity, is to vindicate his essence, without wrath; as the most unworthy idea we can possibly give of him, is to represent him furious
and

and vindictive. He is truth, itself; and truth is dispassionate. 'Tis to be his true disciple to speak of him as a being of infinite benignity, and of an unalterable spirit.

I agree with you that religious fanaticism is a monster, a thousand times more dangerous than a philosophic Atheism. Spinoza never committed one bad action. Châtel and Ravailac, both devotées, assassinated Henry the Fourth.

The library atheist is generally a tranquil philosopher. The fanatic is always turbulent and factious. But a court atheist, an atheistical prince, may be the pest of mankind. Borgia
and

and other scoundrels, of the same class, have done almost as much mischief, as the fanatics of Munster and the Cevennes. I speak of the devouts on both sides.

The only danger of cabinet atheists, is the making of court ones. Chiron educated Achilles, and nourished him with lion's marrow. Soon after, the pupil dragged the body of Hector about the walls of Troy, and slew a dozen innocent captives, to slake his vengeance.

Heaven shield us from an horrid priest who hashed a king in pieces with his cleaver; or of an other, who with an helmet on his head, and a cuirass

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on

on his shoulders, at the age of three-score and ten, dared sign with his three bloody fingers the ridiculous, but insolent excommunication of a king of France; or of _____; or of _____; or of _____

And Heaven preserve us also from an outrageous and barbarous despot, who not believing in a God, became himself a devil; who rendered himself unworthy of the sacred character he wore, by trampling upon those duties which his station claimed; who sacrificed without remorse, his allies, his relations, his servants, his people, to his passions. These two tigers last mentioned, the one shaved, and the other crowned, are equally to be detested and

and feared. By what ties can such infidels be restrained? &c. &c.

The belief of a God, with whom our spirits are to be rejoined, made your Titus's, your Trajans, your Antonines, your Marcus Aurelius's, and those great Chinese Emperors, whose memory is still so precious in the second of the most antient and vast empires of the world. These examples are sufficient for my cause, and my cause is that of all mankind.

I do not believe that in all Europe there is one person, now, of the least rank in life, or the smallest acquaintance with the world, who has not the most sovereign contempt for all the le-

gends we have been formerly so smothered with—almost as much as we are with pamphlets, in the present age.

If religion, I mean its pretence, no longer raises civil wars, among us, 'tis to philosophy alone that we are indebted, for our peace. Theological strifes have begun to be regarded with the same indifference and contempt, that we look upon the altercations of Giles and Pierot, at our fairs.

An usurpation on the sense and rights of mankind, founded on the knavery of one part, and the folly of the other, is undermined, every day, by reason, which seems at length to have vindicated her natural empire, among men.

The

The Bull *in cæna domini*, the highest pitch of insolence and folly, dare not shew its face, now, even in the Diocese of Rome. If a regiment of friars should attempt the least evolution against the laws of the state, it would instantly be put to the rout.

But what then! because the Jesuits are expelled from society, must we banish God, also? on the contrary, we should adore him the more, for such an instance of his providence*.

* So far Voltaire, who wanders a good deal from the subject, toward the latter part, as is usual with him, in order to indulge his spleen against bishops, priests and deacons. The shaved heads he points to, do indeed deserve

A COROLLARY, from the two foregoing Chapters.

From the belief of a providence, the immortality of the soul may, I think, be fairly deduced.

We have a natural præ-sentiment of it. Our hopes, our reason, our philo-

the fullest anathema of his satire, but his virulence against the crowned one he hints at, has more of pique and resentment in it, than of truth or justice, I hope and believe. At least his character has not reached us yet, in such a light. And as to his charge of atheism against him, I fancy that this is also of a piece with his other exaggerations, and has too much in it of the very priestcraft he condemns, which is apt to impute this unphilosophic blasphemy to every one who does not believe just as they do, or pretend to do, themselves.

sophy

sophy concur in these opinions. God must love the virtuous. Our reward is not of this life. Where then? We are rendered both happier and better, by the fond idea. Is such a notion presented to our minds, like the tree of knowledge, to be viewed only, but not enjoyed? If it be but a dream, we are deceived. We cannot admit Providence to be capable of a deceit, though for our good. The *pious frauds* are a meanness unbecoming even a man. I could never tell my children that pills were sugar plums, or that bleeding would tickle them.

C H A P. XVIII.

UNNATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

AMONG the vulgar errors hinted at, in my third Chapter*, please to reckon the strange notion of the male and female sexes of plants, and that their *conjunction copulative* is absolutely necessary to the continuation of their species.

This was indeed an antient opinion; as what modern one is not? Bacon, in his aphorisms, says, that *the newest things are the oldest*. So that we may equivocally, though justly say, that things can

* Paragraph last, but two.

only be deemed *new*, now, by being *renewed*. But this one would not be worth the while to refute, if within this last and enlightened Century, it had not been revived, affirmed, and pretended to have been proved, by such learned and laborious naturalists, as Linnæus, Grew, Ray, Morland, &c. &c.

I do not recollect now, for I always write without book, whether Miller, F. R. S. in his Dictionary, fosters this notion, this brat of the brain, though no Minerva, or no. But possibly he may have been led into this error, because he is *a man of learning*; and it requires a tolerable proficiency in science, to be able to cultivate a mistake, which
any

any illiterate gardener, or nurseryman could prove the falsity of, by demonstrative experience.

Yes. I do now remember that he does support this same piece of wonderful philosophy; for we find him, in the Philosophical Transactions, concurring with Messieurs Martin and Watson, F. R. S. or *Fellow Rovers in Science*, with regard to the different genders of Holly; which they say are some masculine, some feminine, and others hermaphrodite; or the common of two.

Now I take the liberty to deny this animal species of generation, even to the Palm-Tree, though it bids fairer for such an analogical method of propagation,

pagation, than any other we know of; as one kind of it bears flowers without fruit, while an other produces dates, without ever flowering.

Besides, there is a physical decoction made from what is called the female of this plant, which is said to have a peculiar medical efficacy in it, for *breeding-women*, which might serve further to argue a sort of sexual sympathy between them. Less plausibility has founded many a system.

If this piece of arch-philosophy were true, I should think that the chaste Sensitive plant could never have subsisted, after the fall, when gender was split in two, in order to be spliced together

ther again; for its native coyness would never have submitted to continue its species by *contact*. How unhappy for an hundred thousand million of souls, at least, that Eve happened not to have been such an other hopeful sprig of Grace!

I wonder much that these rare philosophers have not yet promoted this extraordinary vegetable last mentioned, to the dignity of animal life, among the number of more unworthy ones, on which they have, like princes, conferred this preferment. Such as the sea weeds named by the learned *Zoophytes*, the corallines, or madrepores, the belemnites, polyschides, alciniums, fucus's, &c. found growing on rocks, oysters, and

and other shell-fish. But indeed Linnæus does seem to comprehend it with the rest, under one general endowment, in his treatise *De Somno plantarum*, of the *Sleep* of Vegetables.

But plants may be raised, by layers, as well as by seed.—Then what becomes of your sexual philosophy, pray? Do animals propagate by legs or arms, fingers or toes? But not to press these *unnaturalists* too fast, I shall leave their philosophy a century or two more, to find out that the vegetable creation has no other *matrix* but its *mother earth*, to trust to, for its generation.

And then this will be deemed a *new* discovery, though only a *renewal* of
mine,

mine, which is but the revival of some old weeding woman's notion, long before me; as Galileo borrowed from Copernicus a system that had been handed down to him by tradition, from Pythagoras.

What might, I suppose, have at first given rise to this whimsical origin, was the pleasant superstition of supposing trees to have been informed with a species of intellectual beings, called *Hamadryads*, and the gross antients could frame to themselves no idea of intelligence, without sensuality; which they imputed even to their very *Gods*.

This expression I restrain chiefly to the male Deities; for though they were
most

most of them a parcel of sad Rakes,
 yet to the honour of the other sex be it
 said aloud, that there was but one Lady
 ———, among the female Divini-
 ties. So that their *High Mightinesses*
 were frequently obliged to come tum-
 bling down from the skies for recreation,
 and pick up girls for themselves, here
 and there, as well as they could, by
 fraud or force, here below.

Some poet seems to have a notion of
 this same sexual doctrine of plants,
 when, upon describing the effect that
 his mistress's bathing in a river, near a
 grove, had upon universal nature, says

“ The trees themselves rush'd in the flood—

“ Were e'er such *amorous* sticks of wood !”

With a fal, lal, &c.

And

And an other antient bard begins his song thus—"Holly and Ivy went to "the wood." What the ballad says they did together, there, I really forget; but upon the presumption of the curious philosophy we are speaking of, may we not suppose that they might have retired thither, like the boar and sow, in the Rehearsal. "There to "consummate, &c." One cannot say too many ridiculous things, upon so foolish a subject.

What a charming delirium was the old pagan superstition, which turned the whole creation into fairy land, by the force of an enthusiastic imagination. What a rich source for Ovid to derive his metamorphoses from—And what
have

have we gained since, by our more rational philosophy? Which would be the pleasanter, to tread in air, or trot on *terra firma*?

The idea of supernatural and invisible witnesses of their actions, must have had an happy effect toward regulating the conduct of them. It was not *fear*, as the presumptuous atheist says, that first made gods; but the prior notion of some superior being, that created fear, by impressing the mind of man with an awe of some power above themselves; which is a sentiment we naturally feel, before we begin to reason upon.

C H A P. XIX.

D I T T O.

THE ingenious memoir, stiled *The natural history of Ants*, presented to the academy of sciences, in Paris, several years ago, which has been translated into all languages, and received universally for fact, happens also, like the former conceit, to be more ingenious, than true.

They neither bite off the heads of corn, nor hoard up granaries, as provident of the future. And this for two especial reasons—that the first would not answer the end of preventing the grain from growing; and the latter would

would be an useless store to animals that remain in a torpid state, during the whole winter. For if ants are not one of them already, they may be added to the class of the *seven sleepers*.

I do not mean the Adelphi martyrs, of the *Golden Legend*, whom Gregory de Tours reports to have most piously snored out an hundred and seventy years of their lives, in a tyrant's cave, to the great edification of the faithful in miracles. What I mean, are the seven real, natural sleepers; the swallow, dormouse, &c. The miracles of Providence, not of priests.

I should never have ventured to have questioned so pretty a piece of philosophy,

phy, if it might in any sort be thought to impeach either the wisdom or the veracity of Solomon the Great, who has framed so fine a moral precept on a pismire. *Go to the ant, thou sluggard, &c.* But indeed the peculiar œconomy of these insects, in preparing habitations to defend themselves from the rains, the frosts, and snows, during their foreseen state of insensibility, was sufficient alone to have recommended these provident animals to that peerless philosopher, naturalist, and moralist, as an example of industry and forecast.

Parvula, nam exemplo est, magnis formica laboris, &c.

Nay

Nay even Mahomet was inspired with such a reverence for this same dignified insect, that he has intitled one of the chapters of his Alcoran, *the Pismire*; and has named some other of them *the Spider*, which is another little industrious housewife, also. St. Basil has written a panegyric, on a Pismire, likewise.

But I need not have been so very scrupulous, upon this point, neither; for I apprehend that the Bible was given us as a rule of faith, only, not of philosophy. Though the learned Hutchinson denies the latter position, and renders every letter in the Hebrew Alphabet, mystical. In so much, that each word, in that inspired language, not only names the thing it stands for,

but implies the very nature of it, also.

And the super-ingenious Doctor Pike, an other great cabalist, has undertaken to prove, and has really done so, *in his own way*, that the Old Testament contains the true principles of all philosophy; but mystically concealed in the Hebrew text, 'till posterity had puzzled their wits to find it out by themselves, first.

Now if such *literal* adepts as these Hebræans, were to become botanical sexualists, with Linnæus, Grew, Ray, &c. * I should not be so much surpris-

* See the last Chapter.

zed;

zed; as their infatuation might possibly be somewhat excusable for imputing extraordinary powers or supernatural faculties, to *Hebrew roots*, at least.

Not that this same magical language possesses the sole and exclusive privilege of *efficient* words. For have not hypostasis, in Greek; transubstantiation, in Latin; church, in English; kirk, in Scotch; and mass, from whence *massacre*, in Irish, with some other fruitful monosyllables, frequently produced most signal events in the world?

But what better could be expected of learning, when 'tis so notorious—I hope there are no sceptics by—That

Cadmus, who was the first inventor of letters, sowed also the seeds of discord and slaughter, by generating an army from serpent's teeth.

I have *stopped* my hand, here, *ex mero motu**, and not from the want of sufficient subject matter to have proceeded

* Here is a choice morsel for that pedant H——h, that *catamenian* critic, to nibble at, in his next *ungentlemanly* magazine, by observing upon the contradiction between *stopping*, and *motion*; for he is one of those *poor scholars* who take expressions *literally*, and not *literately*, and challenge idiom to a grammatical precision. I have, with an unsparing hand, scattered a number of such atoms throughout these pages, for the adaption of his *microscopic eyes*.

upon,

upon, but shall, in some future Chapter, or Chapters, perhaps, take occasion to lay open and expose some other choice instances of unnatural philosophy, and endeavour to rescue the Magna Charta of common sense and reason, from the arbitrary dogmas of sophisticated science.

In the mean time, I shall, in the next Chapter, take notice of an other species of error and weakness, which may, not improperly, be stiled ———. See the title.

C H A P.

C H A P. XX.

UNMORAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN humane and tender disposition cannot be too much inculcated and encouraged, in youth; and children should be severely reprov'd, for every instance of cruelty, and advertis'd of every inadvertency tending towards it, in their sports, plays, or pastimes. Such as torturing of flies, hunting cats, fighting, or throwing at cocks, &c. For as Ovid says,

—————Primaque à cœde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.

That amiable philosopher Montaigne says, “ there is a general claim of kindness
“ nefs

“ness and benevolence, which every
 “species of creatures has a right to
 “from us.” And Shakespeare too,
 that great oracle of nature, concurs in
 the same sentiment of humanity, which
 he expresses in these words.

———The poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
 As when a giant dies.———

All this is certainly most true, and
 such considerations should therefore
 serve to restrain us from every act of
 cruelty or malevolence towards the
 inferior creation. But are not even the
 best notions or principles capable of
 excess? This, for instance, is so, among
 the marottoes and gentoos of India;
 whose religion, say superstition, rather,
 forbids

forbids the destruction of animal life, upon any pretence whatsoever, from the largest brute, to the lowest insect. So that whenever their rice harvest happens to fail, many thousands of their people perish, through famine, which is generally attended by a pestilence in consequence, too, as they die frequently faster than they can be buried.

Nay to such a strange extravagance is this kind of weakness carried, all over the East, that one of the oriental writers mentions a nation among them, that had founded an Infirmary, *for sick fleas*. Though the author could not be supposed to be serious, with regard to the fact, the idea of it, however, serves to shew

shew the characteristic of the people he describes.

But as I am *a good christian* I should not so much mind what your vile *pagans* think or do, if the same foible did not sometimes prevail among the orthodox, even of this phlegmatic hemisphere; who imagine, some of them, that we have no manner of natural right over the life of any animal, whatsoever; they holding theirs upon the same tenure which intitles us to ours—namely, the free gift of our common Creator.

Such enthusiasts would have cherished all the plagues of Egypt in their bosom, and have deemed it an impiety to have destroyed one of their frogs,
their

their caterpillars, their locusts, their grasshoppers, or any of their other vermin.

Under the prejudice of such a sentiment, uncle Toby's handing a fly out of the window, saying, *there is room enough in the world, both for thee and me*, makes a most shining figure, among the *faux-brillants* of morals, to those whose shallow philosophy has never led them to reflect upon the numberless animals, on earth, in air, and in the water, whose instinct directs them to the destruction of others, as necessary to their own preservation; which being certainly the first law of nature, takes place of every other, except in man; whose virtue
indeed

indeed ought to set the moral obligations above the natural ones.

Which observation upon the ways of Providence, should incline one to conclude that it must be wantonness, or malevolence, only, that constitutes the cruelty or inhumanity of those acts, which the necessities of nature, or the œconomy of the world, do otherwise sufficiently justify, or require.

A refined speculatist of my acquaintance argued this point with me, once; and after I had convinced him of the expediency of destroying rats, for instance, as a dangerous pest to society, he would admit it only upon this nice punctilio, that we should make an open
 decla-

declaration of war against them, and *vi et armis* fairly hunt them down—but not to use any insidious arts, of baited traps, of poisoned fish, or oil of Rhodium, to allure and circumvent the enemy; forgetting the good old adage, of *dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*

There was really so much delicacy, generosity, and whimsical honour, in this extraordinary sentiment of his, that though I could not help smiling at the extravagance of it, I could not think of combating his argument with any philosophy below the highest pitch of metaphysics; and therefore asked him whether we were not ourselves dealt with, after the same manner, in the recondite scheme of Providence? And
 . whether

whether the pomps, the vanities, the pleasures, and passions, of mankind, might not be considered as *baited traps, poisoned fish, or oil of Rhodium*, tempting, through appetite, the frailty of poor human nature, to its undoing?

He was a good christian, and made no reply.

C H A P. XXI.

A N A L O G Y.

THE common, or obvious appearances of things, are not always the true nature of them; nay, frequently are found to be their very reverse. To give two instances—first, in the most insignificant article; a hair, which seems to be perfectly round, to the naked eye, is shewn to be really flat, or angular—I forget which, through a microscope. Next, in the highest object; the sun appears to move round the earth, and the world to stand still—both of which circumstances have been long since demonstrably proved to be false.

Nay

Nay more—philosophy has sufficiently evinced that the former supposed state of these respective bodies, could not have been true, in the possible nature of things; as thought itself could hardly fly at the rate the sun must do, to produce the phænomena of astronomy.

[An ingenious French man had no other way of accommodating the difficulty, of the sun's rising every morning in the east, after it had set in the west, but by supposing it to steal sily back again to its former station, *in the night*. One of our F. R. S. in *the Transactions*, accounted as wisely for the disappearances of comets, by saying that they

retired to the *Antipodes*. This paragraph by the by.]

Thus then, after the conviction of our understanding, from the two particulars instanced above, that our senses are liable to mistake, without the assistance of art, and our apprehension subject to error, unless instructed by science; and these in the most common objects of nature, why do we remain so sceptical still, in matters of faith, supposing the authority to be good, merely because they have not yet descended among the subjects of our fallible conceptions, and limited knowledge? And why give easier credit to Lewenhoeck and Copernicus, than to Christ and St. Paul? Read the forty-five paradoxes,

in

in Gordon's Geographical Grammar, rationally impossible and mathematically certain, and suspect your own ignorance and presumption.

It will be no answer, to say that neither Lewenhoeck nor Copernicus were credited, 'till after they had afforded demonstrations of their assertions. Philosophy and religion are things of quite different natures. Any conviction stronger than a rational testimony, founded on the external and internal evidences of Christianity, would destroy the merits both of faith and good works, cancel free will, and leave us nothing worth rewarding.

Galilæo, Bacon, Boyle, and Newton shone forth, like the milky way, in the dark paths of science; and as much as reason excels instinct, so far did the *præternatural instinct*, if I may be allowed the distinction, of these enlightened persons, exceed the general faculties of the human mind.

The common powers of investigation or reflection, could never have reached to such sublime heights, without the assistance of a certain *afflatus divinus**, or superior impulse, by special grace conferred upon them; which had been withheld from other men, of equal

* Nunquam vir magnus sine *divino afflatu*.

Cic.
sente,

sense, and of more learning, and greater study, perhaps.

——“Spirits are not finely touch'd,
“But to fine issues.”——

Who deny this aphorism, must *call*
God's providence a lucky hit.

Shall then the Deity exert an energy, to assist our temporal concerns, only, and leave our eternal interests without a guide! Are mathematical truths inspired, and religious ones left unrevealed! Shall the legislators of earthly states propose rewards and punishments, for the government of the political world, and can the great Archon of mankind leave the moral one without a sanction! I would call such suppositions

by a name, if I knew whether to stile them blasphemy, or nonsense.

Galilæo was thrown into the Inquisition, as an infidel, for reviving that heresy in astronomy, of the sun's station, because it seemed to contradict a passage in the Scripture, where its standing still, once, is recorded as a miracle. And philosophy, or rather presumption and self-sufficiency, have, in their turn, erected an inquisition, also, against every article of faith, which does not square with our very incompetent experience, in physics, and total ignorance of metaphysics.

For, if we admit Spirit, either distinct from, or connected with, matter, we
must,

must, at the same time, honestly confess, that we know not what its essence consists in. And to deny Supernatural faculties or powers, to a Supernatural Being, is such a stupid folly, as almost renders it one to argue against it. For nothing, surely, can be more unphilosophical, than to limit the Author of all nature, by the *media* or *data*, of his own philosophy.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

MYSTERY OF THE TIDES.

THE Phænomenon of the flux and reflux of the sea, had puzzled the philosophers, for many centuries; and so it might have continued to do, still, were they real ones. For Kepler's assumption, that this effect is produced by the attraction of the moon, and which has been since adopted by Newton, Halley, and others, betrays but a very partial consideration of the subject.

For if this theory was true, the effect must be universal, as the cause is so; but there is no tide, in the Baltic ocean, none in all Hudson's Bay, up to Cambridge,

peachy, which extends above a thousand leagues; nor is there any, in Lake Superior, on the American continent, nor in the Caspian, nor many other seas, which it were needless to specify here*.

* *Gonsales Ferdinandes Oviedes* has a pretty conceit, upon this phænomenon, in his account of the West Indian Seas. He supposes the vast ocean to resemble the body of a man, laid on his back, with his head in the artic, and his feet in the antartic poles; extending his right arm to the American Seas, and his left to the Mediterranean; and the flux and reflux of the ocean, like the *systolé* and *diastolé* of the human body, operate strongly and apparently, in the nobler parts, but have a feeble and imperceptible effect, in the extremities.

I ad-

I admit that the attraction of the moon, has, or may have, some effect, on the variation of the tides; but then this admission first supposes them to be, as subjects to be acted upon: for if this alone was the cause of their motion, the general law of nature, as I said before, would equally operate, on the several oceans above mentioned.

So that Aristotle was, it seems, in too great a hurry to drown himself, on this account; for he was time enough to have done it yet, had he had the patience to have waited, 'till now; as he would find the philosophers of the present age, equally ignorant, though more presumptuous, in this matter, than himself; and might possibly have been able
to

to have compelled them to confess, that this mystery, like the powers of gravity, attraction, cohesion, and electricity, must be ultimately referred to the occult qualities of nature; and may make an addition to the three books of Cornelius Agrippa, upon that species of unintelligible philosophy*.

A lively Cambridge scholar, who had made it a point with himself, like these modern philosophers, never to be at a loss for an answer, being asked by a lady what was the reason of the tides, replied that Venus being mistress of the

* Aristotle did not drown himself, as is vulgarly reported; for the more authentic historians say that he only died for spite.

ocean,

ocean, the sea must necessarily need a course of *fluxing and refluxing*, in order to preserve its health.

A lively jest is better than a false argument; for nothing is so unlike sense, as that which is most like it; under which predicament may be considered the ingenious simile of *Oviedes*, above cited.

C H A P. XXIII.

PRIVATE HISTORY.

A continuation of the last paragraph
but one, of Chapter XII.

I NEVER had either education, or other provision, in life. I was therefore obliged to compass each of them by my own industry; to be both preceptor and pupil; patron and client, master and man, to myself, from first to last. I had access to no library, and the only university I ever had the benefit of, was a Barber's Shop, just opposite to my father's house, in Piccadilly. In this Musæum I picked up my first rudiments of literature, from
the

the linings of Wig-boxes, and newspaper essays; for this cunning Shaver, like the rest of his idle and prating fraternity, was a deep politician and party-man, also.

I wish I had had the prudence, or good luck, to have picked up his trade, instead of his learning. It had turned to a much better account, in these unpatronic days, than that of an author. I should have made more, by adorning the outsides of men's noddles, than ever I shall get, by ornamenting their insides.

This man died an Alderman, and left his son a fortune, for the tythe of which I must be a greater fool than I
am,

am, if I would not have bartered all my wit, or in a more facetious stile, be *at my wit's end*, for joy of the exchange. He would probably have doubled his *capital*, if it was not for the unlucky importation of French friseurs, that our travelled nobility, gentry and others had poured in upon us, of late years.

It was this same *impertinent Barber** who preferred the humble petition, to his present Majesty, intreating him to cut off his hair. *Non comptæ mansère comæ*. I advised Alderman Block most strenuously against the measure; for

* A character in the Arabian Tales.

though I had imbibed my politics in a barber's shop, yet I am one of those, who are for *combing*, only, not *clipping*, the tresses of Royalty. All the petitions and remonstrances, presented since, were taken from this precedent, and have had the same success, his Majesty having never *troubled his head*, about them.

In this school of the world, I acquired my first knowledge of men and manners; but what I principally observed upon, was the general effect that the example of superiors have on their dependents, and attained to such a perfection in the science of *Trim-tram*, that I could venture, at any time, to pronounce

nounce the character of the master, by the behaviour of his *valet-de-chambre*.

I had an opportunity of applying this remark, to a particular incident that happened to me, lately. I called on my Taylor, to be taken measure of; in which operation, the fellow who had been just before handling chalk, whitened all my coat. A servant of Lord Bute's, who was standing in the shop, immediately took up a brush, and began to dust me. One of the Duke of ———'s men coming in, during this manœuvre, what, George, said he, are you out of place? No, Will, replied he quickly, I shall always think myself *in my master's service*, while

I am doing an obliging, or a friendly thing, for any one.

In this confined study of mine, they were not stories or facts, that engaged my attention, the most; for mere curiosity is soon satisfied; but the principles that led to, the policies that contrived, the events, or the generosity or courage that inspired the actions, were the circumstances that more peculiarly attached my notice. The food I hungered and thirsted for, was not for my memory, but my mind. A single article of reason, philosophy, or argument, could supply me with subjects for thought and reflection, more than all the memorabilia of history. And one week's contemplation avails the judgment

ment and understanding, more than a twelve months reading can do.

This was the way that the first philosophers used to achieve wisdom and knowlege, before schools, or academies were founded in the antient commonwealths—that is, before the human mind had been swaddled up in systems, and the natural energy of thought fettered in the stocks of science.

It was these primitive sages who gave the first hints of those secrets in nature, which have been since *renewed*, and but lately demonstrated, by experimental philosophy. And it was from this native spring of the mind, that Bacon, who may, in this instance, be stiled a

L 3 *modern*

modern antient, was enabled to point out those *desiderata* in science, to the investigation of the several philosophers, who have succeeded him, and through him, since. Chew and exercise for yourself, if you would be healthy. Think and reflect for yourself, if you would be wise.

Contemplation is apt to give a reserved turn to the mind and manners, and study a severe cast to the features ; which may sufficiently account for the description I have exhibited of myself, in the second paragraph of Chapter XII. However, this is not the only account I have to give of these particulars in my self ; but as I do not care to keep the attention of the reader too long

long fixed to one point, for fear of his growing grave, also, I shall defer the remainder of this subject, to some other opportunity.

And so concludes the Twenty-third Chapter.

C H A P. XXIV.

VULGAR ERRORS.

FROM this kind of self-instructed education, I contracted a habit of challenging every proposition that occurred, giving it credit not on its authority, but its reason. By which method I have often detected hereditary errors, which have been handed down from father to son, for many generations, without ever having had their titles questioned, before. I shall present you with a few of them, here.

1. It has been long a received opinion, that in the eastern countries there are always more women born, than men.

And

And that your Muffel-men procreate more than your Christian-men. The circumcised, than the uncircumcised. These two notions have been made use of by philosophers, as natural and political arguments, for the permission of polygamy, among those people.

In absolute contradiction to which assertions, I do affirm the two following circumstances to be most certain facts. First, that, in order to supply this many headed monster of matrimony, with sufficient victims, the pimps of the seraglios are forced, from the scarcity of native females, to supply that commodity, out of your true catholic countries.

Se-

Secondly, that your Bashaws of three, five, or fifty Tails, if you will, have seldom more than four or five children, among all their wives, at the most; and, in general, hardly exceed two or three. While your common Psalm-Singing Cocker, among us, will double that Nursery, *ne ultra crepidam*, without ever stirring out of his stall.

2. Heat and light proceeding both from the sun, has led superficial reasoners to conclude that heat was the parent, and light its child, of which the sun was the grandfather. Plato, in his *Timæus*, inverts the order of this succession, by making light to be the father. And so, indeed, did Moses, since, or before—I forget which—I am

no

no chronologer. He makes it the elder of the two, by three days. See Genesis, Chapter 1.

But these two properties of the sun, are as distinct things, in nature, as fire and water; though not in such an opposition. A dark room may be warmed by a stove, without being enlightened; and the moon, stars, and aurora borealis afford us light, without the least manner of heat. The cold glow-worm, too, shines with a native lustre, in the dark.

3. The sun is generally imagined to be hot; but 'tis only the cause of heat, as a sword may be of pain. Heat may be one of its faculties, but not its essence.

essence. It may be its *action*, but not its *passion*. Were it a body of real fire, it must have consumed itself, long ago. For to make the comets supply it with fuel, from time to time, is a most unphilosophic hypothesis, surely. Though admitted among *The Transactions*.

Indeed while we suffer ourselves to consider it as a globe of fire, it is but necessary to adduce a *quantum sufficit*, of combustibles, as the fire may want mending. But cannot the chymistry of nature be sustained by Providence, without the shift of such a culinary art?

You

You see what a pack of footy devils it makes of the Africans, who live under the Line. The planets of Venus, and Mercury, then, which are so many millions of miles nearer, must be totally uninhabitable; which is such a supposition of waste, as the analogy of nature will not admit of.

If the sun was fire, our atmosphere would be flame; and the higher we rose in it, the hotter we should find it. The direct contrary of which last circumstance, any one may convince himself of, who will but mount the peak of Teneriffe.

The elements of air and water could never have subsisted, in such a constitution

tion of nature; the conflagration would have preceded, and præcluded, the deluge; the animal creation must have been all Salamanders; the fable of Phaeton realized; and man, instead of the image of God, must have been framed in the likeness of the Devil.

4. Children are sometimes born with one shoulder higher than the other; and the general usage is to lay a weight of lead, on the rising one. This is an error; for the true philosophy of the matter is to impose the lead on the declining shoulder, and as it is natural *to rise against oppression*, the constant effort to relieve itself from the weight, will raise the one, and by the laws of equilibrium proportionably depress the other.

5. It

5. It is a mistake that there are any such characters in life as *half-thinkers*; for if the expression were just, then two of them might make *a whole* one; and five hundred of such would not amount to a *sum total*.

6. It is universally thought, and expressly said, by many *unnaturalists*, particularly Monsieur Buffon, in his *Philosophy of vegetation*, that the perishing of trees, and other plants, whose growth he supposes to arise from air and water, bring an addition or augment, to the element of earth.

This is a mistake. They only pay back, without usury, barely what they borrow from it. Their increment is
but

but earth differently modified, water being only the vehicle of nutrition. And *dust to dust shall return*, again, with vegetables, as well as with man.

7. Antient philosophy admitted only of one principle, in nature; but differed widely about it. One preferred earth, an other water; one air, and the other fire. I forget the names of the four Dreamers. But modern philosophy has established four Elements.

Now I deny that there are more than two. Namely, earth and water. Air and fire may be both generated by fermentation, the last by attrition, also; and therefore may be considered rather as *matter agitated* to certain degrees,
than

than as original principles in nature. But we cannot create earth—no, nor *make water*, either—let wags say what they will.

I could furnish you with many pages more of such articles; but that I think these sufficient for a first Lecture, and shall therefore put an end to this Chapter.

C H A P. XXV.

B A R B A R I S M S.

IN reading the histories of different nations and various times, we are frequently struck with the absurdity or grossness of some customs and manners recorded there, which we are astonished to think could ever have obtained among rational beings.

This sentiment, however, generally arises from such ways or usages being new or strange to us; for were we to examine all our own actions and opinions, with the same strictness that we assume on canvassing antient or foreign ones, we should find many of them as
much,

much, perhaps, or more, to be reprehended.

But habit, prejudice and partialities, which have a silent and secret operation upon our conceptions, render our own follies and barbarisms familiar to ourselves, and by this means they happen generally to escape our notice, or censure, affecting only foreigners with abhorrence, or surprize.

As I have not patience enough to write treatises, on any subject, I shall only refer to one or two particulars, here, which occurring to my observation, lately, have given occasion to the above reflections.

Passing by Tyburn, the other day, I observed a sort of stage erected, opposite to the place of execution, which I took to be a scaffold raised in that shocking scene, for the convenience of criminals of a certain rank, in death, who are intitled to the honour of *decollation*, instead of *suspension*.

But how great was my horror and astonishment, when I was informed that this was only a gallery, built for the accommodation of the nobility, gentry and others, to view an execution, *at their ease*, by way of an exhibition, or any other indifferent spectacle!

And here they pay for their seats, and have places taken and kept, beforehand,

hand, with as much solicitude and precaution, as if it was to see Garrick expire, in Hamlet, or Macbeth.

If Tragic actors only were to frequent this scene, *this dying to the life*, it might possibly bear some sort of excuse. Yet hardly. As it would still hold some resemblance to the curious cruelty of the Painter, who crucified a slave, in order to finish an Altar-piece, from his last agonies.

Several times, last summer, some wretches were hanged, but many of their spectators were executed, first. The booth gave way, and they suffered death, on the spot, before the criminals had time to draw their last breath.

On one of those days I happened to fall into the croud, as I was inadvertently crossing Oxford Road; and meeting an elderly fat woman, who kept a Shop on Cornhill, and was my acquaintance, buffeted about among the populace, I concluded that she must also have been in the same way accidentally involved in the bustle, and kindly offered my assistance to extricate her from the hands and feet of the mob.

But the good woman declined my officiousness, saying that she was following the cart. Were you the person he robbed? No.—Was he any neighbour or acquaintance of yours? No, indeed.—He must be some near relation,

tion, or dear friend, then, I suppose, said I.—Not at all, said she laughing, I only came to see *the Sight*. Methought she had rather too much curiosity for an old fat woman, a stranger, and one who was neither a relation, an enemy, or a friend. Habit!

The *notorious* Mrs. Sampson and Mrs. Astley's equestrian feats, with the whole tribe of female Rope-Dancers, are other instances, likewise, of the indecent public exhibitions, which the refinement of modern manners has not yet civilized us from; and which remain still a reproach to us, in philosophy, and decorum; though the gross concurrence of other nations round us, in such permissions, serves to keep us

a little in countenance, among one another.

Such *ungrammatical* spectacles, such equivocations of gender, such *bi mulieres*, as these Amazons, offending against all decency of appearances, and propriety of manners and character, ought never to be licensed, by a Master of the Revels, in any polite state, or moral commonwealth.

I would have also the very trades and professions of life, distinguished into genders. I would no more permit men Milliners, than women Barbers; much less would I allow of male Stay-makers, or female Breeches-makers, who now sit generally displayed, in glass cases, through

through many of the public streets in London.

Manners give the tone to morals, and morals the nerve to government. The antient legislators were philosophers, and their states flourished, while such presided over them. Institutions are not the *foundation*, but the *super-structure*, of laws; and a police or substratum of manners, in the first instance, should therefore, ever be the principal concern of legislature.

As to the nocturnal orgies of the *coterie*, they are too sublime a mystery, for the profaneness of my pen to meddle with; therefore without further mention of that subject, I shall conclude
this

this Chapter, with just observing, that if our Rulers do not think proper to mark any other distinction, between the sexes, than what nature herself has made, we may expect soon to see the Original *state of nature*, though not of *innocence*, restored among us again, for any thing in our present manners or morals, that seems to stand against it.

C H A P. XXVI.

I N D I A N A again.

See the first part of the last paragraph,
of Chapter XI.

HOWEVER, before I expressed my surprize, or pressed her, in the least, to satisfy my curiosity, with regard to the incredible circumstance relative to the Great Mogul, I lodged the fair Fugitive safe within the asylum of the English Factory at Patna, placed her under the protection of the Governor, had her instantly baptized, Lord Clive and General Carnac standing God-Fathers, got her, by an act of council, to be naturalized, and admitted to all
the

the rights and priviledges of an extralieu subject of Great Britain, and then defied the *Emperor of the Moon, the Glory of Nations, the Light of the Sun, the invincible Conqueror, the eye of Providence, the Right hand of omnipotence, &c. &c.* to have laid a finger on any part of her fair body, without her own free leave and licence.

These preliminaries being first adjusted, to our mutual satisfaction, the lovely Narrator, who seemed to have no more consciousness of her beauty, than the bird of paradise,

“ And tho’ by all a wonder own’d,

“ Yet knew not she was fair;”

nor of her freshness, than the rose, thus related her story to me.

The

The STORY of INDIANA.

I am the only child of Almahil, of the Abbasidan Race, and of Benferade, descended from the Line of Ali. Our Ancestors had reigned over the kingdom of *Irac Arabi*, for several centuries, with honour to themselves, and justice to their people; 'till the last irruption of the Turks had finally overthrown the Empire, and reduced that province under the Ottoman dominion.

When Amurath, the Beglerbeg of Aleppo, sat down before the city of Bagdad, the Caliph Ariorbarzanes, my Grandfather, who was renowned in war, and mightiest among the mighty, but in peace mild as the evening breeze
when

when it diffuses the stolen fragrancy of
 our orange groves o'er the plains, thus
 debated with himself, upon that crisis.

“ I have been nursed in arms, and
 “ danger has been familiar to me. But
 “ then I led the armies of the Cali-
 “ phate, of my Father, my Sovereign,
 “ and my Priest. To have deliberated
 “ then, upon the reason and justice of
 “ war, had been disobedience, impiety,
 “ and rebellion. But I can speak in
 “ my own right, now. I am myself
 “ the Priest, the Sovereign, and the
 “ Father, *of my people*. And thus I
 “ argue.

“ The enemy double our numbers,
 “ and are superior in discipline, also.
 “ Was

“ Was dominion conferred by Heaven
 “ on man, for the sake of one, or all ?
 “ Should I surrender this province, to
 “ the Turks, I resign only my own
 “ rights. The same laws, the same re-
 “ ligion, and the same property, remain
 “ still, to my people. Is a Prince, or
 “ Priest, who involves a nation in his
 “ personal quarrel, the shepherd, or
 “ the butcher of his flock ? Mine only
 “ is the cause, and mine alone shall be
 “ the loss, or strife.”

After this resolve, he dispatched a
 Herald to the Turkish camp, and chal-
 lenged the Bassa to single combat. But
 the bravery of this defiance was de-
 clined. Upon this refusal, he sent him
 the keys of the city gates, to be deli-
 vered,

vered, on a preliminary of insuring the lives, persons and effects of the inhabitants, on condition of their peaceable submission to the Sovereignty of the Sublime Porte; which terms were accepted of.

He then immediately quitted Bagdad, amidst the tears and blessings of a grateful and affectionate people, and took refuge, with his little family, which consisted only of a wife, a son, and an orphan girl, in the city of Cassimir, the Omrah, or Governor, of which province, had been married to the Caliph's sister.

The fair Benferade was the only child of the Sage Azem, who had been the
Grand

Grand Visier of Bagdad, and the chosen friend of Ariorbarzanes; and on the death of this Minister, the Caliph immediately adopted the daughter under his guardianship and protection. 'Tis keeping the friend, in some sort, still alive, to continue our kindness to his offspring.

She was about the age of fifteen, when the Caliph had abdicated his Sovereignty of *Irac Arabi*; and Almahil, his son, had become enamoured of her extreme beauty, sometime before; but had not declared his passion, 'till after their retreat to Casimir; when he asked, and obtained, the consent of his father to their marriage.

Human virtue is often capable of a noble resolve; and a generous effort may serve to bear the mind through any action, which honour has once inspired. Here the soul stops, but rests not. Philosophy is not sufficient to carry it on, the rest of its journey. The doctrine of fate, or predestination, is not able to support poor humanity, under many of its oppressions. 'Tis but *a crutch*, only, and not *a limb*.

The unfortunate Ariobarzanes began soon to repent him of his heroism, in his exile; and when it was too late to make the option, would rather have withstood his enemy in the gates, than have sustained the war against his passions. He lived dissatisfied, and died repining,

repining, in a short time after his son's marriage; and his afflicted widow did not long survive him.

My father and mother having been thus released from any particular duty or attachment to place or person, resolved to shift their situation, immediately after this event. Better to live unknown, thought they, than known to be unfortunate. They, therefore, took an opportunity of the first Caravan travelling from Casimir to Aleppo, from whence they sailed through the Mediterranean into Italy, together; but concealing every where both their quality, and their misfortunes.

Here she wept, my compassion sympathized with her grief, and interrupted the story.

C H A P. XXVII.

MODERN LITERATURE.

FEW people read more than I do—those who do, are more idly employed, I assure them. A new publication takes me in, directly; for my head is sufficiently stuffed with old trumpery, already; and I am in hopes, every book I open, to meet with something to amuse me, at least; for I am now, alas! too old to learn; and besides, the reader may perceive, from
some

some of the former Chapters, and probably in some of the subsequent ones, too, what my opinion is, about the present state of science.

History we are surfeited of. There are more written, of England, than there ever sat kings upon the British Throne. In which 'tis the author's, or rather *writer's*, principles, not those of the government, or the times, we read; just as a Republican or a Scotchman mounts the stage. A Cromwel or a Stuart is the word. No medium, with these *Histrionographers**, as they may more properly be called.

* The writers of the *Dramatis Personæ* of a Fable, rather than the real characters in history.

For the word *history*, a Greek scholar will inform you signifies *contemplation* and *reflection*. There can be no use, then, in reasoning upon past events, but in order to regulate future conduct. A repetition of facts, is tiresome. I want a history of man. This is the only study worthy of a man. For history is but the *experimental philosophy* of human nature.

Treatises, tracts, and essays we are glutted with. They are generally bound up in the *paste-board* of system, and are little more than transcripts from one another. The few things we meet with in them, that are *new*, we may safely pronounce will never live *to be old*.

Theology

Theology and ethics are drugs. There is more, of the first, in Scripture, than any man understands, or indeed than was ever given him as objects of science; and more of the latter there, too, than is generally practised. *If they will not believe Moses, and the Prophets,* neither will they heed any man alive, I dare answer for it.

Metaphysics are a vain, a presumptuous, and a dangerous inquiry. Let us rest satisfied with having reached the stars; but what is above them most certainly rises beyond all mortal ken. And yet we have taken upon us to indue the angels with an ethereal wardrobe, and swathed the Almighty in sublunary predicaments. The strongest

human reason, upon such topics, is subject to a sort of mental *amaurosis**, which has *beams*, instead of *motes*, to obscure its view.

For Heaven sake, then, my good philosophers, for the sake of *curiosity*, at least, limit your researches to this side of the empyrean. *Mitte arcana Dei, cælumque inquirere quid sit.* Solomon said that there was *nothing new under the sun*; but really, at the rate we are going on, of late, there will be soon *nothing new above it*; and a man may as well live, as die, for any accession of

* A dimness of sight, as if one was looking through gauze, where dust and flies seem to be floating before our eyes.

knowledge

knowledge he will have to expect, in the next world.

Now this would be a mortal—say *immortal*, disappointment, to me; for Hallelujahs would be but a dull entertainment, to one who happens to have neither a voice to sing, nor an ear for music; and is so passionately fond of science, as to prefer one hour's converse with an Angel, to the eternal harmony of the spheres.

But I had forgot. Angels have no manner of conversation among them, as we are informed by those *Typhoëan* speculatists, who have reared *Pelion upon Ossa*, to take a peep into the skies, and have condescended to come down again
and

and acquaint us that those divine Spirits commune, by *intuition*, only.

This will be a fine place, for women, if ever they get there; of whom to *see and be seen*, forms the principal delight. And if they could be made but to forbear their prate, a little, which I am afraid cannot be hoped for, on this side the grave, they would then be angels, indeed, before their time. See Chapter XIII.

C H A P. XXVIII.
N O V E L S.

BUT read I must, at any rate, and having, in the last Chapter, taken
leave

leave of learning, I seek in books for amusement, only. I imagined, therefore, that Novels might fully answer this purpose, as fancy is here free to indulge its wantonness, unrestrained by the prudery or pedantry of schools, and unfettered by the methodism of system.

In this species of writing, one might expect to meet with the world, either as it is, or else as it should be. Here characters might be assemblaged, in order to be contrasted, or compared. Action is uncontrolled, because the writer is master of his own incidents and events. Here passions may be refined, pointed to their proper objects, and produce their warrantable, or admonitory effects.

For

For in passion are sown the seeds of all our virtues, which bear fruit, according to their culture. Ambition may be restrained to emulation, avarice rendered œconomy, extravagance exercised in benevolence, and courage exerted in the vindication of our honour, or the defence of our country, only. They are but bad philosophers who mistake fierceness for spirit, and insensibility for bravery.

But I have been generally most miserably disappointed, in all these hopeful expectations. These writings have little of character, and less of moral, among them. Amour is the only subject of all our Novelists. I wish it was somewhat more refined, than we usually find

it

it to be, for the sake of my fair readers,
at least.

But the love we mostly meet with, in
such *Circulating Library books*, is devoid
of *passion*; has more of *sensation*, than
sentiment, in it. More *desire*, than *wish*.
Were brutes but suddenly gifted with
speech and reason, they would express
their *instinct*, in the very stile of modern
Novelists.

Not that I would not permit a proper
scope to passion. I am fond of it, on
this side vice. I am far from recom-
mending a stoical apathy, to mankind.
I know some called good characters, of
this sort, that I detest. Which have all
the virtues of *philosophy* in them, but
want

want those of *nature*. Where the merits keep their proud throne in the *mind*, without ever sinking into the *heart*. Maintenon was one of these *ready cut and dry* faints. "One whose blood was very *snow-broth*." Such persons may be said, in the University phrase, to be *well read in humanity*; and can discourse of the feelings of the heart, with the same skill, and coolness, as a Fencing master does of *passes*.

In my opinion, Tom Jones, and Charles Carewe*, are worth a dozen Sir Charles Grandisons; and I have always preferred Lady Townley, to Lady Grace. The latter, perhaps, might not have

* The Triumvirate.

erred; but if she had, would probably never have reclaimed. There are some sort of people who are not to be *trusted with frailties*.

Such *virtuosos* in morals may be compared to a tilled soil, in a cold climate, where the fruits sown never ripen; presenting you with the *species*, only, but without the *specifics*, of their several kinds. *The outward and visible sign, but not the inward and Spiritual Grace, of virtue.*

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIX.

C H A P T E R S.

WELL then, after all, I cannot help thinking this to be the best manner of writing, that ever could be devised. There is no subject, whatsoever, which may not be fully and sufficiently discussed, in the compass of any one of these Sections; for no writer was ever long, but for want of genius, or of time, to be short:

Dum ex parvo nobis tantumdem haurire
 relinquas,
 Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria
 nostris?

Writing was formerly a *Science*, but it is at present become an *art*. One would

would fancy that authors were turned Bookfellers, of late, whose interest it was to publish, by the bulk. Of old, the author made the bookseller; but now, as Shaftesbury says, *the bookseller makes the Author.*

The principles of all knowledge, are but few. In polity, *salus populi*, &c. that the general good of the whole, is to be preferred, before the partial advantage of any part. In philosophy, the chain of causes and effects. In ethics, to do as you would be done by. In natural religion, that we did not, for we could not, make ourselves, or one another; and consequently that we owe our love, our duty, our gratitude, and our adoration, to some superior and in-

visible Power. In revealed religion, christian love. The best way of serving God, is to serve mankind. My opinion is, that the Creator made us, not for himself, but for one another. This seems to be the meaning of our Saviour, when he declares, “ Verily, I say unto “ you, love one another, *for on this* “ *hang all the law, and the prophets.*”

These are all the postulatum of those sciences; and so of the rest. And does it require so many separate volumes, to prove each of these *self-evident propositions*? Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis, says Horace. Books but impede knowledge, and retard science; and were we but to subtract the profits of the Student, from those of the Bibliopolist,

one would be amazed, and mortified both, to find how little is gained, on one part, in comparison of what is obtained, on the other.

Bayle says of Malebranche that “ he
 “ studied only to enlighten his mind,
 “ and not to furnish his memory ; so
 “ that he had read but little, though he
 “ knew a great deal. He neglected
 “ every thing that was a point of mere
 “ erudition ; and an insect pleased him
 “ much more than all the Greek and
 “ Roman History. He despised like-
 “ wise that kind of philosophy, which
 “ consisted only in knowing the opi-
 “ nions of different philosophers ; since
 “ a man may know the history of other
 “ men’s thoughts, without ever think-
 “ ing himself.”

C H A P. XXX.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS.

AND now, while I am in the humour of analyzing the sciences into their first principles, I shall supply you with a Chapter of short heads, or texts without sermons, which your literary spiders, above mentioned, would cobweb whole libraries with; and which may serve as themes, or exercitations, for the *unSpartan* declamations of modern Universities.

1. The justice of Providence obliges to supply all its creatures with the *necessaries* of life; 'tis its *favour* only,

only, that adds *superfluities* to them. And the best way of intitling ourselves to such indulgencies, is by not classing them with the former, either by repining at the want, or rioting in the enjoyment, of them.

2. Peoples fortunes and characters in the world, depend principally on the ways of life their friends may chuse for them. Those trades, arts, or professions, which suit our genius, talents, or inclinations best, become therefore, from their success, the most honourable and most profitable. *To follow nature* was the advice of an oracle, upon this question. But parents often sacrifice the advantage of their children, to their own vanity. Many men starve, at pre-

sent, as Lawyers, and Physicians, who might have thriven, as Apothecaries and Attornies.

3. There is a vast difference, between *self-love*, and *love of self*. The first is vanity, or *selfishness*, so called, in a mean sense of the expression. The latter, that natural instinct implanted in all creatures, named *self-preservation*. A person, though under the strongest sense of this latter, may yet be capable of setting it at nought, for the sake of love, or friendship, virtue or honour. But those who are under the dominion of the former, are rendered absolutely incapable of any one manly, generous, or disinterested idea, or action.

4. Parsons

4. Parsons preach in vain, if education has not formed us, first. We need philosophers, more than moralists, to govern our lives. 'Tis nature alone that is a match for nature; and passion must be combated by passion. 'Tis shame, 'tis love, or fear, that keeps women chaste, or faithful. 'Tis pride, interest, indignation, or ambition, which renders men resolute or brave, &c.

5. Habit is the strongest governing principle of our actions. No theory is equal to practice. An actor who has been used to perform the part of dying heroes on the Stage, will expire himself, with more dignity, than the bravest man in common life. Mrs. Oldfield, in her last moments, ordered her maid

to paint her face, that she might not shock the spectators. Custom is *a great thing*, says somebody. I say 'tis *every thing*.

6. Of all the wonderful things that ever was reported by history, the most unaccountable one to me, is, that there should ever have been a bad king.

7. There is no treasury, for a prince, but in the hearts of his people. There only *neither rust nor moth do corrupt, nor can thieves break through and steal*.

8. He who gives, relieves, and he that forgives, releases, himself.

9. The Science of Astronomy should be much cultivated, in religion.

In

In this sublunary world, we may be perplexed with doubts, with regard to the imperfection of things, the permission of natural and moral evil, &c. But the order of the Heavens, the harmony of the Spheres, is so perfectly free from all objection, that even Alphonso* could not have mended it. “The
“Heavens declare the glory of God,
“and the firmament sheweth his handy-
“work.”

10. 'Tis as much as veracity requires not to impute more virtues to

* A king of Castile, who upon considering the Ptolemaic System of the Planets, said that had he been of God's Council, he would have helped him to contrive a better.

ourselves

ourselves than we are really possessed of, without obliging us to confess our faults. This is no more than the address of Apelles, who after Philip had lost an eye, drew his portrait, *en profile*.

11. Condescension adds a degree of elevation to the highest ranks of life. Dancers sink, before they take their spring.

12. The changes and chances of life, are so common and various, that they may equally instruct the timid and the presumptuous, neither to depend, nor despond.

13. What a wretched state is the happy man placed in! having nothing
more

more to hope for, and every thing to fear!

14. In the afflictions of others, however incurred, the humane mind has always something to lament—either their sufferings, or their having deserved them.

15. I love God, not so much for the good he does me, as for the will that inclines him to it. Love and gratitude are distinct affections. I honour the noble Roman, Passienus, for saying that he preferred the friendship of Augustus, to his liberality.

16. The name of God should ever be written or pronounced, simply, without

without the addition of any manner of epithet or character, at all. Every perfection and attribute is already comprehended in the idea of that name, and the repeating any of them is weakening it, by implying the want.

I am not sure now, whether this thought is my own, or only recollected from Mr. Boyle, in his Seraphic love. If I thought it was of the least consequence to the reader, to know which, I would search through all his works to satisfy him.

17. Good offices, in the present world, are mules, and never generate their kind.

18. Re-

18. Representatives are but the *pronouns* of the people, their capacity merely *relative*, and they can therefore certainly never claim any manner of right to challenge to themselves any *distinct* consideration of their own. To do so is committing false grammar in polity.

19. That equal kind of society, in which the sexes live together, in Europe, spoils them both. It renders the men effeminate, and the women masculine. All bodies lose as much of their own force, as they communicate to others. The Eastern manner seems to be more according to the design of nature, and the distinction of the sexes.

20. Rea-

20. Reason is like polished steel—it should be kept bright by use; if suffered to lie idle, it will rust sooner than baser metals.

21. Reading is the food, conversation the exercise, and contemplation the physic, of the mind.

22. Of all the weaknesses of mankind, there is none that appears to me so absurd, as that of *sinking our age*, as the phrase is. If time could be imposed upon, by such a miscalculation, it might admit of some excuse. It would be better œconomy, methinks, to act the good housewife's part, in this case, who sets the clock forward, in order to have the business of the day performed

performed with more difpatch. And ſhould there happen to be an hour or fo, upon the whole, to spare, it would be better, ſurely, to have it rather to *reſt*, than to *loiter*.

23. In all the deſerts where water and provender are ſcarce, Providence has ſupplied an animal of a peculiar ſpecies, the Camel, for the ſervice of man. This creature, though large and ſtrong for the purpoſe of carrying burthens, can be ſuſtained upon leſs food than a Manks horſe, and can ſubſiſt, for three or four days, without water. Is this chance, or deſign?

24. There is no inſtance of heroifm recorded in antient ſtory, that appears
to

to me more noble, than the applause given by Æschines, to the oration of Demosthenes, by which himself was banished; except the generosity of Demosthenes may seem to rival it, who comforted and supported him in his exile, who had been his bitter adversary and prosecutor.

But here Æschines rises again, by declaring that what he most regretted, in his sentence, was the being obliged to quit a country where he had met with more generosity, in an enemy, than he could elsewhere hope for, in a friend.

[There was something very great and glorious, in the death of Demosthenes, as reported by Lucian.]

25. No music can be said to answer either the natural or rational end of the science, that is not expressive of some action or passion. Of all the measures of melody, the minuet time is the most pleasing, because it suggests the idea of a graceful action. The harmony which sympathizes with sentiment or passion, must be higher still.

The most grateful sensation to the soul, is the exercising the mind, without fatiguing it. Modern music, like rope-dancing, more surprizes, than pleases, and wastes the spirits too much.

26. In all deliberations about purposes, suppose the act already done,

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P

and

and then reason upon it. Not that every thing may be done, which we might not repent of, but many things might be prevented or avoided, by such a previous reflection.

27. Let reason and virtue be the constant rules of your actions. This is easily said, you will say. Yes, and as easily done, too, say I—as far as I expect it should—which is only in all matters indifferent, by way of making a beginning. You will certainly find your account in it, at last.

For though strong passions may frequently warp you from the strait path, the spring may still preserve its elasticity by an uniformity of habit, where
these

these rebels do not interfere. So that upon every trial the mind will acquire greater strength, and consequently the temptation will, upon every struggle, lose somewhat of its force.

28. Sylla was the most extraordinary person ever recorded in history. He was brave, and cruel, at the same time; the latter in the highest degree; not with rage, but the utmost temper and philosophy. He overturned the commonwealth, became its tyrant, and restored it to liberty again.

His daring afterwards to walk about the streets of Rome, a private citizen, is accounted for upon a supposition of his having destroyed all his enemies

first—but this was impossible, while there was one man left alive on the face of the earth.

My notion of the matter is this. He lived in continual fear of his life, from the resentment and conspiracy of mankind against his cruelty and usurpation. He judged well, then, of human nature, in such a situation, that the only way to disarm it, was to put the sword into its hand.

29. There are such imbecilities in human nature, as being tired of conferring benefits, and weary of receiving them. This often, in the dearest connections of life, as love, friendship, or patronage,

patronage, may make one party appear inconstant, and the other ungrateful.

30. Expectation is a more certain pleasure, than possession. We enjoy the object of our hope, in idea, but not always in fact. The spring is, therefore, a pleasanter season than summer. The first whets the appetite by *promises*, the latter dulls it, by *performance*.

The above thirty *articles*, which I could have extended to *thirty-nine*, if I had pleased, might, under the œconomy of the *bibliopolist authors* before hinted at, make as many Volumes, at least. I do therefore, hereby give notice, that I shall henceforth watch the Press, with

all the hungry solicitude of a *Reviewer*, and if I find any piratical advantage taken of these notes, in any future publication, I shall vindicate my property, according to law. *If Magna Charta may subsist so long.*

C H A P. XXXI.

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS, VARIORUM.

BUT if the reader would rather chuse to amuse himself with notions and remarks from some better authority than mine, he is welcome to the following ones ; though, as I quote only from memory, I cannot in every place refer him to the authors of them.

1. Gilblas says, that when a person of *Family*, does any thing dishonourable, or mean, he reflects a *retro-active ignominy* upon all his ancestors.

P 4 2. Among

2. Among the several models of Government, proposed by Harrington, in his political tracts, this is one.

1. That there be a king, without guards.

2. That the word or command of this sovereign, be the law of the land.

3. That he stirring out of his palace, it may be lawful for any man to slay him.

3. Bacon says there are three reasons, for men's marrying—to have mistresses, in youth, friends, in middle life, and nurses, in sickness, or age.

4. He

4. He who does *well*, creates himself enemies; but he that does *better*, destroys them. A Spanish proverb.

5. An *old* friend is a *new* thing. An Italian one; as may be known by the *concetto* of the expression.

6. Discretion is to the mind, what decency is to the body. An excess of frankness is as gross as nakedness.

7. Montesquieu says that Charles the Twelfth was not an Alexander; but would have made one of his best Generals.

8. The same author distinguishes between Luther and Calvin—that John
had

had framed his religion, from what Christ had said, and Martin from what the Apostles had practised.

9. Speaking also of expensive funerals, he says, that “nothing surely
“can be more ridiculous, than to shew
“the difference of rank or fortune,
“in a circumstance which places all
“men on a level.”

Some one else calls it *an honour paid to the dead, from the pride of the living.*
Si non subsidia mortuorum, tamen solatia sunt viventium. Says St. Austin.

10. Plato says, “it is equal blasphemy to deny the gods, or not to
“admit their interfering with what is
done

“ done below, or to imagine that sin
 “ can be commuted by sacrifice.” Here
 is the whole philosophy of the Christian
 religion, expressed by a Pagan.

11. La Bruyere says, that “ princes,
 “ or persons otherwise happy in all cir-
 “ cumstances of life, have a certain su-
 “ perfluity of joy in their minds, which
 “ inclines them to laugh at a dwarf, a
 “ monkey, a fool, or any silly story.
 “ Those who are less happy, smile with
 “ more distinction.”

You cannot imagine what an humane
 satisfaction I received from this obser-
 vation. Dukes, Dutcheffes, &c. then,
 said I to myself, may not be naturally
 such great fools, as they too often
 appear

appear to be. This may perhaps be owing intirely to the misfortune of their rank, and affluence; and it is a great pity that they do not oftener receive the great benefit of adversity, to afford them opportunities of shewing their wisdom, a little more.

12. Mon deüil me plait, et doit toujours me plaire—

Il me tient lieu de celui que je pleurs!

There is something charmingly melancholy and tender, in this sentiment, and expression. May not one venture to say, of this true Mourner, that *he was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief*. For as is said of madness, there

there is a pleasure in it, that is only known to the wretched. Admirable and adorable Providence !

13. Among the religious tenets of the Bramins, ingratitude is deemed the highest sin of immorality. These refined philosophers add conscience, too, as a Sixth Sense.

14. The Koran divides religion into five parts ; only one of which is allotted to faith. The other four refer to practice.

15. The Mahometans never emasculate any animal whatsoever, but man; accounting it an act of cruelty and injustice,

justice, to use any creature so—*except themselves.*

16. We are all mistaken in our opinions about the Dromedary. 'Tis the swiftest animal of the Creation. So that all the old fables alluding to that creature, are thrown away.

17. To a mind well tutored and practised in philosophy, the waves of adversity are but spume, which only spit in our faces, without overwhelming us.

18. Virtue would tire, before she got to her journey's end, if vanity did not give her a lift, now and then.

19. Some

19. Some body says, very justly, that of all the objects of sense, music is the least sensual. I compare it to love, as being a mixture of sense and intellect.

20. Were all books reduced to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper—there would be scarce any such thing in nature, as a Folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I think that the above reflection of Mr. Addison's, is a proper paragraph to conclude these two Chapters of short heads with, referring also to the one
before

before it. I shall therefore take my
leave of such subjects, for the present,
and proceed to

C H A P. XXXII.

EPITAPH ON HUMAN LIFE.

EHEU! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni! ——— HOR.

Be early wise, lest prudence come too late!
Think how *To-morrow* steals from us *To-day*,
And leaves the spend-thrift further in arrear,
To purposes unfinished! 'till old Time,
Who lends on usury, calls in the account,
And takes the body for its debt unpaid,
Foreclosing life in the insolvent tomb!

This

This is, indeed, a serious and a sad subject for reflection! not the loss of *life*, but of *time*, I mean. Which that we may all of us maturely consider, I shall take the liberty of concluding my exhortation with the emphatical words of St. Paul.

“I charge thee, therefore, before
 “God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who
 “shall judge the Quick and the Dead,
 “at his appearing, and his kingdom.”
Second of Timothy, Chap. IV. verse 1.

C H A P. XXXIII.

A V O L U N T A R Y.

AFTER a Sermon generally follows a Voluntary on the Organ; for fear, I suppose, that the discourse might make too great an impresson on the congregation.

“ Light quirks of music, broken and
“ uneven,

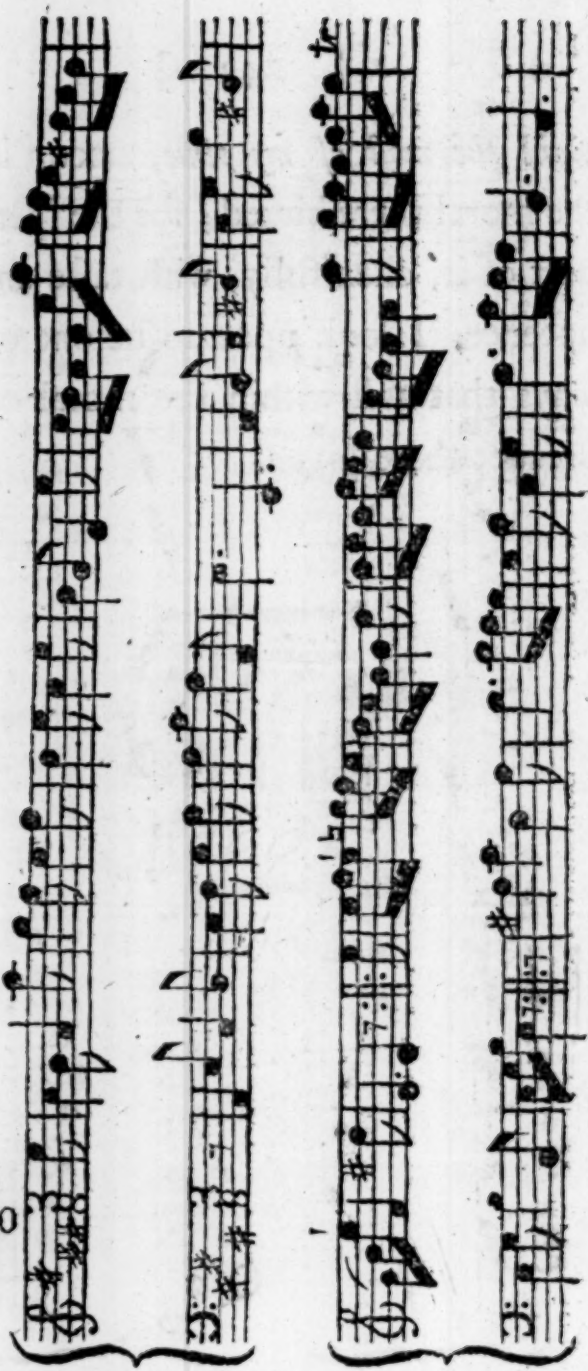
“ Make the soul dance upon a jig to
“ Heaven.” — POPE.

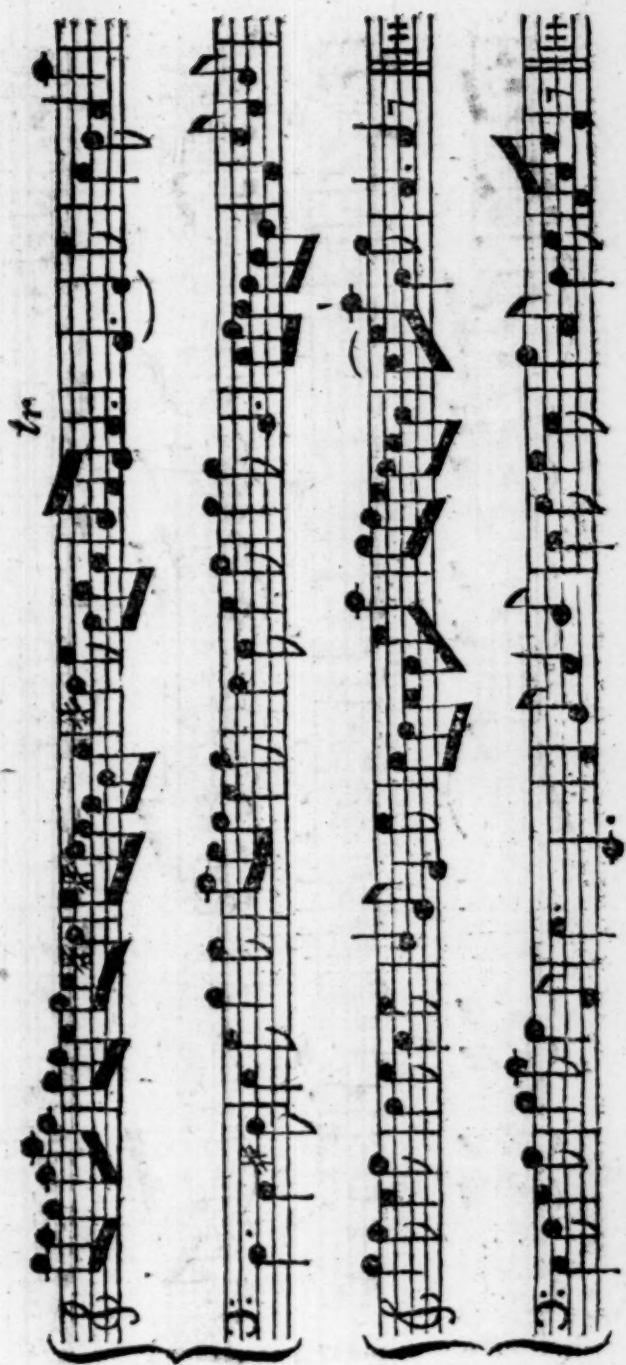
I shall therefore present you here with an extempore piece of music I composed, this morning, just after I had finished the last Chapter, in order *to*
make

make the most of my time, according to the moral there hinted ; for the spending part of it, chearfully, with taste and innocence, I look upon to be one of the ways that fall within the moral of the precept there given.



Giga.

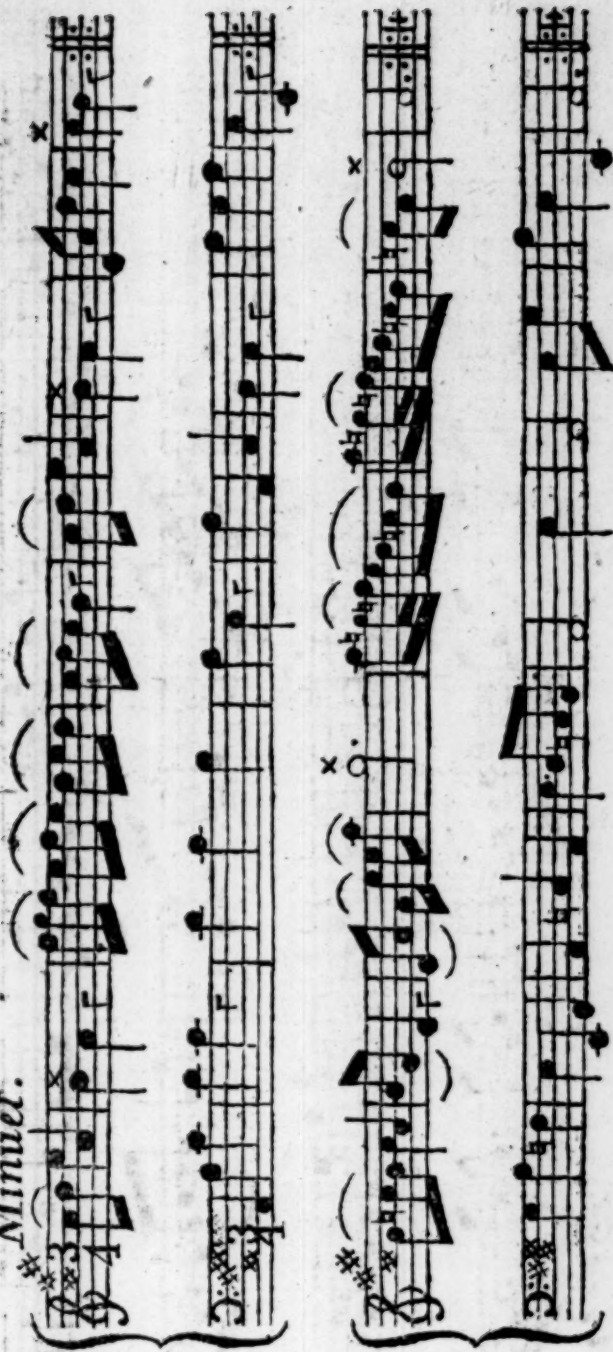




Gavotte.



Minuet.



THE END OF VOL. I.